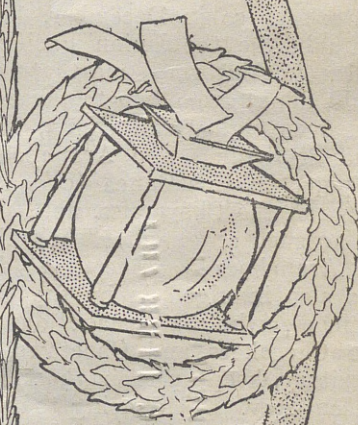
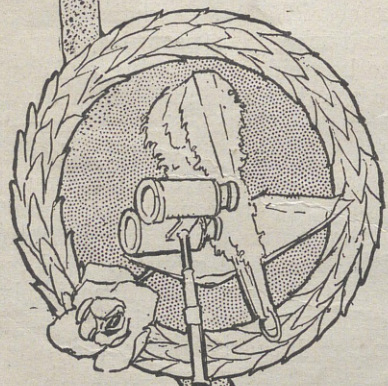
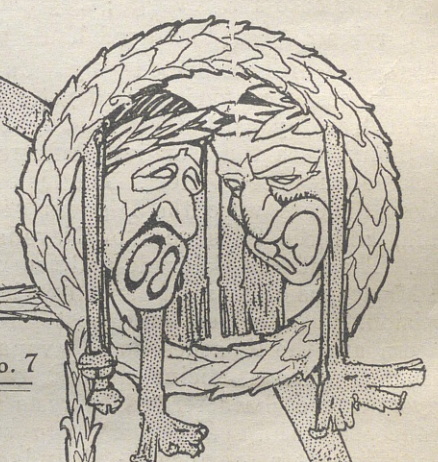
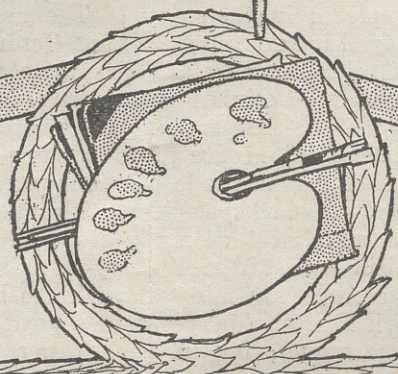


Graphic



VOL. XXVIII Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 18, 1908. No. 7

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A Terpsichorean Disquisition—IV

By BEN C. TRUMAN

Regarding individual dances the jig was one of the first, and was invented in Ireland. The clog dance first appeared in England. The Highland fling is a native of Scotland, as is well-known. England is responsible for the sailors' hornpipe and the fishers' hornpipe. Russia and Poland have several whirlwind dances, which are often seen on the vaudeville stage. Austria and Hungary are the authors of several slower dances in which the performers make a good deal of regular drumming with their noisy metal heels.

All the Indians of North America are, or were dancers; they danced for love and for joy, for hate and revenge; they had rain and harvest dances; and good hauls of fish and game were celebrated by dancing. Their dances were various and yet similar; mournful or joyous, but always lugubrious. The Sioux were the sturdiest dancers, and the Comanches the swiftest. The laziest and dirtiest dancers were the Diggers of California, and the Shoshones of Nevada and Utah. The Utes of Colorado and the Yumas and Maricopas of Arizona danced with much precision. The wildest and most ferocious dancers are the Apaches and Yavapais, of Arizona. The medicine dances by the Cheyennes are characterized by tests of endurance, and half a century ago seldom ended without a sacrifice. Old Judge Carter, of Fort Bridger, who was my host for a week or so in December, 1868, several years before the Union Pacific had been built, once informed me that many a buck could dance from two to three whole days, and even eighty odd hours, without sleep, food or drink. The Arapahoes sometimes indulged in this dance (called in the language of the Cheyennes, hoch-e-a-yum), but not to such an extent. The tribal dance of the Arapahoes was the ghost dance, which was also indulged in by the Utes and Comanches, who had snake dances as well. The Cherokees and Choctaws, of Indian Territory, keep up their ghost dances at the present day. No dancing that I have ever seen among any tribes of Indians has been at all suggestive of immorality. But it would seem that the National Indian Association looks upon the tripping of the aboriginal toe as something exceedingly reprehensible, if the following dispatch is genuine:

"NEW YORK, Dec. 1907.—That dancing lowers the standard of morality among Indians is the opinion of the National Indian Association, which at its annual meeting passed a resolution asking that congress prohibit dancing among Indians. Other resolutions favored more definite legislation against the sale of liquor to Indians and other minor matters. The resolution referring to dancing reads as follows: 'The National Indian Association would also place upon record its belief that the growing practice for Indians of both sexes to dance together tends to lower the standard of morality among them and the association earnestly urges the government and the Indian office to take the necessary steps to pre-

vent such dancing.' "

The negro slaves of the United States were all dancers, and all their dances were their own. Like the American Indians' dances, theirs, too, were various, but quite dissimilar. Some of the young darkies along the wharves and levees of the Mississippi, Tennessee and Cumberland rivers could dance a jig and execute a double shuffle that were the very poetry of motion; and the dancing of the deck hands after a big "wooding up," and a big slug of whisky, each was so glorious and so natural as to challenge adequate description. The same may be said of the dances of the cotton pickers, in which the wenches nearly went to pieces in their joy. The negroes employed in such plays as the "Octoroon" and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" present a very good idea of those inimitable dances of the slaves of the one-time south. The negro minstrel of the United States, who came upon the boards first in the late 30's, improved on the southern darkeys' jigs and shuffles and invented almost as many steps as there are raisin seeds in a country-store mince pie. The American minstrel with the blackened-cork face also perpetrated a good many exaggerations; for no such thing as Daddy Rice's "Jim Crow" or Dan Bryant's "Essence of Old Virginia" was ever seen among the darkies of the south.

The coon-song (or rag-time music) and dance of the present day did not originate among the negroes of the south, nor among negroes of any other section. It first came before the public at what are termed "continuous shows" in Chicago, about 1888; and as the language of the songs and the movement of the dance betray, they were inspired by observations of the ways of frail negroes of both sexes residing in that low locality of Chicago known as the Levee. It was in fact the lowest kind of conversation indulged in by the negro denizens of the Levee and their lovers put into verse—some of it exceedingly shocking—and set to a languorous melody and a sort of real negro movement added. It caught on, however, and went from the continuous dime show to the most pretentious vaudeville, and from the commonest two-dollar-a-day performers to such consummate artists as May Irwin and her sister, and others of their class. It became all the rage in vaudeville and minstrelsy in a few years, but was not believed by any one to possess staying qualities. But in 1900 it had become a nightly turn upon every vaudeville stage in the United States, and at all the vaudeville theaters of Great Britain and Continental Europe. The music is at present being played by street bands and orchestras all over the United States and Europe, and has even found its way into drawing-room and church. In our own country there has been some abatement of the coon-song words and the cake-walk, but the melody still partially holds its own in every corner of the land. And to such a fascinating extent has it gone in London, Paris and Vienna, that even Strauss' music has been crowded out; and early in 1905 the French dancing people of the academical, or conventional and classical, school were up in arms against the music of the cake

walks, coon songs and other modern innovations of the kind. An association was even formed for a campaign, and called the Societe Academique des Proffesseurs de Danse de France. "The director of the association," said the "Temps," "is Prof. Desrat, who proposes with his colleagues, to run the minuet, a graceful and elegant dance of old times, in opposition to the exotic and inartistic terpsichorean movements borrowed from the black people of the United States and elsewhere. All this and more appears in the program issued by the anticake walkers, who have formed the new Academy of Dance, and assert that they are determined to make their influence felt." This is so serious as to appear ridiculous; for no music that catches the ear of the masses can be arbitrarily extirpated. The music of Strauss and Offenbach and of various American composers will live for a long time—a long time, perhaps, after the waltz and the can-can and the cake-walk have gone the way of the polka, the redowa and the minuet.

According to many visitors to South Africa, the inhabitants of that section were once noted for their dances, and especially their war dances; but all these are infrequent in these days, according to a late correspondent of the Philadelphia "Ledger," who says: "By the time the little naked Kaffirs now playing around the brown kraals and on the sunny hillsides of Natal and Zululand have reached middle age there will exist but memories of those ancient and stirring martial displays. Governments years ago forbade the assembling of natives in large numbers to indulge in prolonged and exciting dances and demonstrations, and police patrols often failed to see anything but law breaking even in limited gatherings of dark-skinned, lithe-limbed descendants of historic warriors. So war dances fell rapidly into desuetude and today they have lost almost every vestige of their former significance. Their present stage may be termed the pecuniary; the natives have to be paid for dressing and for taking part in the dance. But when a bargain has been struck with a chief and an "impi" brought together it is remarkable how quickly the old warlike spirit is manifested. Once the dance has commenced there is little probability of its being carried through in a lifeless, apathetic manner. Old men and young and women, too, immediately catch the enthusiasm of the rapid movements, the shouting and the chanting and often marvelous is the resulting exhibition. The Kaffirs had different dances for the celebration of definite seasons and of special events. Some of them are sternly prohibited, however small and private they may be, and for permitting or participating in this class heavy penalties are imposed. Among the Matabeles and the Zulus war dances may yet be witnessed on a large scale and with much of their pristine form and fervor. In Natal as well as in Zululand the authorities offer no objection to a dance, though taken part in by many hundreds; the cost is now the principal obstacles in the way of an appropriate presentation of the interesting spectacle."

R. H. Hay Chapman
Editor

Graphic

Winfield Scott
Manager

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Matters of Moment

Finance Parable. (From Puck.)

Once there was a man who bought a beautiful gold brick for which he paid the sum of \$10 or \$15 although it looked exactly as if it were worth ten to fifteen thousand.

Then he took it home, and, opening his ledger, made an entry which materially swelled his assets.

Then he mortgaged his home and bought an automobile and a season ticket for the opera and gave a large dinner at Sherry's. And why should he not prove it by his ledger?

And then one day it occurred to him to examine his gold brick a little more closely. Whereupon he found that it was worth only 10 or 15 cents.

He lost confidence immediately, and the effort he made to get rid of the brick brought on a severe panic.

Christmas Exercises.

Los Angeles, it appears, is not the only community which has been having trouble with Christmas exercises in the public schools. Through the courtesy of Mr. Oscar A. Trippet, a well-known attorney of Los Angeles, we are enabled to publish a comment from "Law Notes," on a situation that has developed in New York. "Law Notes" says:

The action of the board of education of New York prohibiting the usual Christmas exercises in the public schools on the ground, it seems, that they are improper and inappropriate because "this is not a Christian nation," has provoked considerable discussion. Bishop Satterlee, of Washington, D. C., says that the Supreme Court of the United States has decided that "this is a Christian nation." The case to which the bishop refers is doubtless Holy Trinity Church vs. U. S., 143 U. S. 457, in which Mr. Justice Brewer (at page 471) uses the phrase quoted. Substantially the same expression is to be found in a number of other cases cited in the opinion of Mr. Justice Brewer, but it is true only in a limited or qualified sense. It is true in the sense that Christianity is a part of the common law derived from England, and also that it is the religion of by far the greater part of our population. Being a part of the common law, blasphemy, which consists in wantonly uttering or publishing words casting contumelious reproach or profane ridicule on the Christian re-

ligion, is a common-law offense, and may be punished as such. Nevertheless, the Christian religion is not a civic or political institution in this country, and no rights are dependent on professing it. A Mohammedan or an atheist would not, by reason of his religious belief, be disqualified to hold any public office, and the privilege of religious freedom does not permit the teaching of any religion in the public schools. But singing Christmas carols is no more in the nature of religious instruction than the giving of the Christmas holiday. Of course, the board of education had the power to make the order in question, but it was not a wise act. The objection to reading the Bible in the public schools presents quite a different question, and even those who personally might favor the practice can sympathize with the view of the objectors. A taxpayer whose money helps to support the schools has a right to object to the teaching of any particular religious creed, and the courts have generally sustained such objections. But the opposition to a harmless musical performance appropriate to the season which is a legal holiday, has no reasonable foundation and suggests a desire to suppress a long-established custom merely because it is not acceptable personally to members of the board of education.

The objection of the "Graphic" to the introduction of the name of Jesus of Nazareth in the public schools, is founded in the belief that the moment reference is made to Him as the Christ, some religious zealot will desire to teach about the Christ in accordance with his particular interpretation of the character of the Christ. In other words, theology will endeavor to control such matters. This we believe to be an error of judgment.

Another objection is that taxpayers who do not believe that Jesus of Nazareth was the Christ, have an eminently sound and proper objection to references or instructions to that effect. It is idle to sneer and jibe in this instance at the rights of the minority. As long as the public schools are supported by general taxation, a single Jewish or Unitarian taxpayer has the right to be heard and to make his protest effectual.

We also take issue with the opinion that this is a "Christian nation," even if those words are used by so eminent a man as Supreme Justice David J. Brewer. This nation has no official religion—it tolerates all religions and respects all religions.

Speculation and Enterprise.

How thin the line is that divides sheer speculation from legitimate enterprise has been the subject of much study during the recent financial panic. Not in many years have the investments of bankers been subjected to such severe scrutiny, and many discomfited stockholders and depositors have been astounded to discover what latitude bankers have allowed themselves in handling their funds.

It has, indeed, been revealed clearly enough that stocks and bonds deposited as collateral to a loan depend so essentially on the banker's estimate of their value and on a variable market that they do not form such admirable security as was popularly supposed. The "Saturday Evening Post" points out that a far more stable and sounder security is found in merchants' notes. When there is urgent need to liquidate, says the "Post," stocks and bonds cannot be converted into cash, except to a very limited degree, because there is no surplus money, upon the supply of which their market depends. On the other hand, the merchants' notes represent articles of use, the demand for which never ceases. The process by which the merchant may liquidate never suffers the complete paralysis which sometimes afflicts the stock and bond market. The "Post" furthermore points out that there has not been, in many years, any failure of a large bank in the United States, the loans and discounts of which consisted of merchants' paper. The banks that have failed have been those which, under the form of loans on collateral, have tied up money in assets that were inconvertible in time of stress.

The one large and shameful bank failure in California, during the recent panic, was due to the neglect of legitimate, commercial enterprise in favor of reckless speculation, and in most of the schemes in which depositors' money was sunk, the men in the control of the bank were personally interested.

Justice and Prejudice.

The recent decision of the District Court of Appeals in San Francisco, reversing the judgment of the trial court in the French restaurant extortion case and quashing the indictment on which Schmitz was convicted, and to which Ruef pleaded guilty, has been the subject of widespread adverse comment. Much of the criticism levelled at the appellate court has betrayed a complete lack of information concerning either the points involved or the terms of the decision itself. Because there is no doubt in the mind of any sane citizen of California that Schmitz and Ruef committed numerous crimes, while their sway of political corruption was unchallenged, the average person is apt to leap to the conclusion that any trial of these criminals, which resulted in their conviction, must have been fairly and righteously conducted. But, admitting that the condign punishment of these men is an end much to be desired, it is infinitely more desirable that this end be reached only by fair means. This consideration, which in times of great public excitement against notorious evil-doers is so easily abandoned, is of such vital consequence that the Law is scrupulously jealous of a defendant's rights. The Law is for all time and for all people. Incalculable injury would be wrought if a judge could twist the interpretation of the Law to the emergency of a particular case or to the public temper of the moment.

"It is," wrote Justice Cooper in this decision, "of much more importance that every defendant should have a fair and impartial trial, under the rules of evidence laid down by the ablest judges and established by centuries of experience than that a defendant in some particular case be convicted. It is important that a defendant, if guilty of the crime with which he is charged, should be convicted; but it is of greater importance that the constitutional right of each and every one to a fair trial, under the rules of evidence and the forms of law adopted in the light of experience, shall be preserved inviolate. It goes to the very foundation of our republican institutions."

This, however, is the point of which the man on the street so easily loses sight. In this instance, he is convinced of Schmitz's guilt; he is fairly familiar with the circumstances of his crime and he is certain that he deserves punishment. It seems of no consequence to him that Schmitz's trial abounded with irregularities. He has neither the patience nor the inclination to consider them; and so he joins the chorus of angry protests against a decision which, if angry with calm intelligence, must convince any unprejudiced person that the boodling Mayor of San Francisco was not given a fair trial in Judge Dunne's court.

Nor does it seem to occur to the vehement critics of the appellate justices that their duty was considerably more difficult to face than what Judge Dunne had conceived to be his. At the time of Schmitz's trial, the public mind was intensely inflamed against the defendant and there was widespread clamor for his conviction. Mr. Heney and his colleagues were the popular idols of the hour. Judge Dunne, throughout the trial, was at small pains to conceal his sympathy with the prosecution and his eagerness for conviction. At a time when a judge should have been scrupulous in protecting his court from the taint of mob-spirit, Judge Dunne

identified himself with the mob by recklessly over-riding just considerations of the Law. He chose the popular course. On the other hand, the justices of the Appellate Court found their duty in following a course which was inevitably unpopular and with the certain knowledge that their interpretation of the Law would subject them to the fiercest denunciation and most shameful insinuation.

Under such circumstances it is well worth while to examine at least some of the points on which the lower court was over-ruled. The findings of the Appellate Court were that most of the rulings upon which Heney insisted with roughshod vehemence were made by Judge Dunne in total violation of the Law.

Among the more important of these rulings was that concerning the challenging of two jurors after they had been sworn, one of them without even a statement of the cause. "It was not for the court," wrote Justice Cooper, "to set up its judgment against the statute as to the qualifications of a juror. . . . The prosecution did not have the right to arbitrarily dismiss qualified jurors, unless it could be done as provided by the code. . . . When public passions have been aroused, and oftentimes a desire for conviction takes possession of the public mind, there is more reason that the rights of a defendant should be carefully guarded at every step."

Another example of bad law and illegal practice is found in the appointment of W. J. Biggy as elisor, after Judge Dunne had refused to allow the defense an opportunity to show that Biggy was as much a partisan on one side as the Sheriff and the Coroner were on the other.

Judge Dunne also erred, in the opinion of the Appellate Court, in admitting hearsay evidence of five important witnesses. "It is the rule, well established, that the admission of hearsay evidence that is injurious to a defendant is ground for reversal."

The refusal of Judge Dunne to permit Schmitz's counsel to cross-examine Ruef concerning his immunity contract and on other points, is also declared to be enormous. Ruef's conduct, according to the Appellate Court, "had been such that under the plain provisions of the Penal Code his evidence was branded so that the defendant could not have been convicted upon it without corroborative testimony. . . . The court allowed the prosecution a broad range in the cross-examination of the defendant, who is protected by the statute and who had not confessed to having committed a crime; while, on the other hand, it narrowed and confined the cross-examination of the co-conspirator, who was not protected by the statute, and who had branded himself as a felon. Such is not the policy of the Law."

These are some of the errors—and they seem obvious enough even to a layman—why a new trial must have been granted if the indictment had not been quashed. Judge Dunne's unfair and prejudiced rulings had been so flagrant that there was not a lawyer conversant with the case who did not expect to see the Schmitz verdict set aside.

The irresistible lesson of this part of the Appellate Court's decision is that the cause of justice cannot be served by a passionate and overbearing prosecutor or by a judge who allows his prejudice and sympathy to confound his interpretation of the law.

There can, however, be nothing but regret

that the indictment of Schmitz was quashed on a technical point, even if legally well taken. It seems that Schmitz has been freed from the charges, because, while he was charged with doing an "injury," it was not alleged in the indictment that it was an "unlawful injury." Such a point may give some satisfaction to lawyers, but is so distant from the obvious equities that it exhausts the patience of the layman. From the very fact of the indictment itself, it would seem that such "injury" must be understood to be "illegal."

Schmitz's freedom, even if it be obtained at all, will be exceedingly short-lived. There are still forty other indictments against him, while one hundred and seventeen remain against Abe Ruef. It is certain that justice will be served eventually, but in the meantime there is no true cause for lamentation if the attempt to reach a just end by unjust means has been frustrated.

Judge Dunne's Outbreak.

How can citizens respect the courts, if the courts do not respect themselves and each other? Happily it is only very rarely that a judge betrays such a total lack of appreciation of the dignity of his position and indeed of common decency as to make such an exhibition of himself as did Judge Frank H. Dunne, when his trial of Schmitz was reversed. Signed statements by Judge Dunne appeared in all the San Francisco papers copiously venting his spleen at the decision of the Court of Appeals. In the first paragraph Judge Dunne scored Judge Cooper, who wrote the opinion reversing him, because to happeneds to be a brother-in-law of Mr. Brobeck, one of the indicted Parkside officials. He then announced that he is "satisfied the opinion was written to protect Ruef instead of Schmitz and to keep him from testifying against the friends and relatives of the judges of that court." He denounced the court's method of decision as "childish" and declared that "any court that indulges in such special pleading must be animated by motives of malice or interest." He expressed his regret that he had not had the power to appoint an elisor for the Appellate Court "to protect it from outside influence." Finally he declared that "this decision seems to put a gag in the mouth of truth." The spectacle of a judge so savagely denouncing in public print the higher court, which has reversed him is novel but not edifying. Thereby Judge Dunne once more shows his sympathy with Prosecutor Heney in preferring the newspapers to the courts for the administration of "justice." If anything had been needed to demonstrate that Judge Dunne was prejudiced in favor of the Spreckels prosecution his passionate explosion in the newspaper would have been more than enough. It is safe to say that no more unseemly exhibition has ever been made by a man occupying a judicial position.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First-class accommodations and service for first-class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequelled in tone.

Inconsistency.

Inconsistency is one of the most highly esteemed privileges of the "Times," and it is usually exercised when someone on its notorious blacklist is to be "disciplined." Thus, in its account of the harbor meeting at San Pedro, the "Times" said:

"During the hearing there was a demagogic outburst by Joseph H. Call, of Los Angeles, in which he attacked railroads in general, declaring that all had combined to mon-

opolize the business of San Pedro harbor;" and so on.

On the editorial page of the same day's paper is a cartoon the purport of which is that eternal vigilance is the price of a free harbor at San Pedro, and a harbor-frontage grabber astride a locomotive indicates the reason why.

On the same page is an editorial on the harbor situation attacking Mr. Call, and concluding as follows: "There is no reason for fearing that any appropriations made by the United States government for the

public good will be diverted to the sole benefit of the much-berated corporations."

Huh! Who has received the chief benefit from the government appropriations already made?

Still, some people wonder, even after such an amazing display of malicious inconsistency, why the "Times" has no influence with the people.

It is becoming more and more apparent that the "Times" is wearing the collar of the S. P. "of Kentucky" as it was wont to express it in more honest years.

Need of More Parks

By G. M. GIFFEN

Los Angeles citizens are proverbially wide awake to those things that go to make a modern, down-to-date city and ever on the alert to inaugurate such movements as will add to the attractiveness of this metropolis of the Southland—the natural result being our unexcelled popularity among the world's centers of population.

A well-conducted crusade for better paved streets and more of them is on, and the improvement in this direction is gratifying even to the most confirmed pessimist. Let this good work go on; we need it. Our street lighting system is second to none, and brings favorable comment from our thousands of visitors. Water, gas, street railways, all are improving, adding to the comfort and pleasure of all people. We are destined to build here one of the great cities of the world. The cream of civilization shall be ours, and our standards can not be too high, our ambition too vaulting nor our determination to do too intense.

While we're growing, expanding, beautifying, let us not overlook any vital points for future remedying. Recently a movement was attempted and supported by thousands of signatures, to have our City Council prohibit further burials in the cemeteries within our corporate limits, but nothing of a definite nature was accomplished. This subject needs agitation; should be fully and freely discussed. Public interest should be aroused and a campaign of education inaugurated looking toward the discontinuance and abandonment of all "In City Limit Cemeteries."

The enlightened thought of the present age is rapidly educating civilized people away from the time honored custom of ages

past, of the ceremonial and pomp of funerals and burials and bringing a greater degree of simplicity in this regard. The habit of inflicting a senseless burden of grief, by the custom of weekly, or otherwise, visits to the graves of those gone before, is gradually breaking away. Good sense, so long dormant in this respect, is coming to the front and the absolute uselessness and positively detrimental effects to the individual and consequently the community of this utterly wrong attitude toward our dead is beginning to be realized. We are prone to cling to custom, but the centuries-long custom of burials and cemetery worship is breaking, and will break so rapidly that but a few years more will witness the abandonment of our present-day method of caring for the dead and doubtless the abolishment of all cemeteries as now conducted.

This sane course is naturally going to result in leaving unsightly spots where now well-kept cemeteries are maintained, unless good judgment and sound sense is brought to bear, and the proper remedy applied. Our duty is to the living, breathing, pulsing life about us; and we are not awake to our responsibilities, if we unquestionably accept and submit to a custom or condition merely because it has been a custom or condition.

Why should these grief spots not be now abandoned and converted into public parks? Desecration, do I hear? Just analyze that thought, and see if selfishness and fear are not the motive and substance of it, rather than desecration. Why shouldn't the old Buena Vista Cemetery be made a spot where the children of today, the care worn mothers, the toil burdened fathers, could rest on the beautiful, health inspiring, life encouraging

green sward, breathing new strength and hope from surroundings of attractiveness, rather than allowed to remain a blight spot on the face of the earth, grewsome, unattractive, abandoned, everything that is useless, burdensome and depressing, so much so that even the street cars seem to hurry by to get away from it?

What a splendid park could be made there at slight cost!

A park is worth more to a community than a cemetery.

A park is more conducive to the success and progress of a community than the most ornate cemetery.

A park helps to uplift, encourage, strengthen any citizenship; a cemetery just the reverse.

There is much to be said in favor of parks looking toward the best good of our people; there is nothing to be said for a cemetery that does not point to defeat of life's purposes.

Los Angeles needs more parks, and needs them now. Our growth demands that we provide **right now** for the million people of the near future, suitable breathing spots, attractive resting places, beautiful grounds, shrubbery, lakes and waterfalls for their recreation and comfort.

Why should not Evergreen and Rosedale cemeteries be utilized for this right use?

Let our people waken to this necessity and take immediate steps to discontinue further interments in both Evergreen and Rosedale, and, if possible, secure these grounds and the abandoned Buena Vista cemetery for splendid additions to our park system.

It seems to me the subject is worth considering.

By the Way

That \$43,000.

Were it not for the existence of an underlying conflict, not much would have been said in the City Council about the expenditure of \$43,000 from the city's general fund, for sewer construction in the Ninth ward. But over this item of expense has arisen a struggle for mastery and Mr. Blanchard and his allies have won, for the time at least, a victory over Meyer Lissner, Councilman Wallace and the various bodies that go to make up the Non-Partisan party. The battle was not so much for the \$43,000 as it was to enable the winner to assume a strategic position of strength in the city's political affairs; struggles of this sort are always needful in crystalizing sentiment—no

matter what the sentiment may be. This battle will unquestionably bring the Lissner, Wallace, Koepfli, Municipal League, City Club influence into a more compact body and it will likewise concentrate the fighting forces of the other side.

Ninth Ward Needs.

Personally I am sorry that Mr. Lissner and Mr. Wallace and their allies made the Ninth Ward sewer deal the rallying point around which to draw their strength. I have lived in the Ninth Ward. When I was a resident there, Mr. Blanchard, Mr. Nofziger and their friends, who control the political affairs of the ward, regarded me much as the government regards an "Indian off the reserva-

tion." But I know the needs of the Ninth Ward better than most men who now live west of the river, and it is my opinion that in this sewer deal the Ninth is only getting a fair show. The equities are all with the Ninth Warders.

Mr. Lissner and Mr. Wallace appear to have recognized this—tacitly of course—but were not deterred thereby. They were "after" Mr. Blanchard and failed to get him.

Blanchard.

This problem of unhorsing Mr. Blanchard is a hard nut for Mr. Lissner and Mr. Wallace to undertake. Mr. Blanchard is far and

away the most able and astute politician the council has contained in lo! these many years. He understands to a nicety every move on the political checkerboard and he has an excellent appreciation of political values. The Non-Partisans, who have never been friendly to Mr. Blanchard, have made him invincible in his own ward by opposing this sewer appropriation. Evidently they have abandoned the Ninth Ward as hopeless territory.

Electric Signs.

The City Council has settled for the time being the question of allowing projecting electric signs. I am in favor of permitting such signs; if they are allowed by law; business men will utilize these signs to such an extent that a street is most brilliantly lighted and at no expense to the city. New York, Chicago, the old San Francisco and numerous American cities owe their illumination largely to private enterprise in erecting such signs. Incidentally it does look a bit bad to realize that Councilman Dromgold, who had a hand in stifling the electric sign ordinance is in the sign painting business.

Rivers and Harbors.

What with the Federal examination and the visit of the Legislative Committee on rivers and harbors to Newport Bay, harbor interests have received much attention during the past week. Added to this the board of supervisors has dipped into marine matters this week to the extent of refusing a franchise for an independent wharf at Avalon. Personally I believe that the intense interest felt in harbor facilities by every leading merchant and mercantile organization is well for the creation of a big port adjacent to Los Angeles. If the merchants of earlier days had been alive to the various grabs perpetrated at San Pedro Harbor, the port would have been something like a "free harbor" today instead of being corporation ridden.

Wine at Banquet.

Maybe I am prone to "seeing things," but it does look significant to me when I read an editorial like the annexed, in the "Times."

The annual banquet of the Chamber of Commerce draws near, and again arises the question whether wine should be served on this occasion. The decision must be left to the directors.

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The matter presents itself to many—to many who are not prohibitionists—in this way:

The Chamber of Commerce is an organization of business men for business purposes. The annual banquet is not intended to be a carousal. It is held to discuss the business interests of the city as they present themselves at the end of a year to the members of this earnest body of successful business men. It is in all ways desirable that the organization should draw to it good men of all sorts and conditions and of all kinds of views on religion, politics, economics, temperance and other subjects which naturally divide men in their opinions. Among the members of this body are many who are in conscience opposed to the use of intoxicating drinks, many who are wounded in their feelings by sitting at the banquet table where wine flows freely.

There is no more need of discussing the merits of the view which takes offense at the wine than any other matter of conscience. The question for the Chamber to decide is if it would not be a gracious concession to the views of those who entertain such scruples to leave out the wine? What would be lost by such concession? The gain would be in drawing to the organization, or at least to the banquet, many estimable and useful citizens now shut out by the use of drink at the table. Broadly and fairly stated and eliminating all extreme views, would it not strengthen, rather than weaken, the Chamber as a comprehensive, all-embracing business body, to leave out the wine at the banquet table?

In this editorial I can see only the hand of Harry Andrews, the Mean Man from Maine, who by the grace of an appalling whirl of fortune is managing editor of "The Times." I cannot lay this editorial at the door of "the General;" depend upon it Harry Chandler is much too diplomatic to countenance it; Harry Brooks—he of the Care of The Body Department, who dips into the editorial columns—is a consistent disciple of St. Paul on the use of wine.

Analyzed.

The editorial is either a slur on the entire Chamber, or a slur on the winemakers who are in it, or a slur on the declared policy of the State of California, which is to encourage the manufacture and sale of wine. "The Times" truthfully states that the banquet is not intended as carousal; I have never seen it turned into such by the members of the organization. In fact, the only intoxicated man I have ever seen at a Chamber of Commerce banquet was a "Times" reporter, whose name I shall not mention; he is dead now and what is the use? In the Chamber are many men who use wine occasionally and moderately. Why should they be deprived of it if they desire? If the abstainers—of whom I am one—do not want to drink wine it is easy enough to turn over the glasses. The intimation that the banquet is turned into a "carousal" is infamous.

Winemakers.

If this suggestion is acted upon, I fancy that every winemaker in the organization will resign. I fancy that exhibits of wine will no longer be sent to various exhibitions by the Chamber; I fancy people will learn that state policy is to be respected.

Unlikely.

Nevertheless it is unlikely that the Chamber will forbid the appearance of wine on the tables. The Chamber of Commerce is made up of all classes and sorts of men and it is organized for a very definite purpose. It is fulfilling its mission most admirably. I have yet to learn that one of its cardinal purposes is to engage in a prohibition campaign.

Mrs. Kinkade.

After a stay of three or four years in Los Angeles, Mrs. Mary Holland Kinkade has gone East—permanently it is believed. Mrs. Kinkade has an offer from the New York "Herald" and I understand will accept it. At present she is in Denver. Mrs. Kinkade is one of the few women I ever knew who had any business in the editorial rooms of a newspaper. She had the instinct for getting real news and she had the ability to write the news in a taking fashion. In getting at the inside facts of club politics, club gossip and social doings she was omniscient. She never worked for a publication in this vicinity that would publish such matter and her energies were engaged most of the time in writing inconsequential social twaddle, in preparing "Sunday Supplements," that would steer clear of all club and social rocks and eddies, and the like. How she chafed under it! She came here for the benefit of the health of her son, who is an invalid, and she was as one in chains. I haven't the slightest doubt that she is glad to get away and for her sake I am glad she has gone to a bigger and better field.

C. W. French's Dupe.

Great editors are often children in finance, and successful financiers frequently fail even to pose as editors. We have examples of this truth in Los Angeles: E. Tobias Earl, for instance—but we will discard his case just now to refer to the first part of this proposition. General Otis is a great editor, but apparently he is an easy victim for the unscrupulous financial promoter. It seems that C. W. French, promoter and head of the Pacific Steel Company, capitalized (on

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paper) at \$100,000,000—who was arrested in San Jose last week on the charge of obtaining a comparatively paltry \$1000 by false pretenses—commanded the absolute confidence of General Otis. In the letters that "the General" gave French to his personal friends and business acquaintances, he commended the promoter in the highest terms and personally vouched for his integrity and the honesty of his representations. French is said to have tricked California capitalists out of something like half a million dollars, to which sum the editor of The Times contributed, though indirectly, \$10,000. It appears that General Otis indorsed French's note to that amount and was forced to pay. The heaviest subscriber to French's enterprise was Ulysses S. Grant of San Diego, who yielded \$150,000. What makes the duping of General Otis, all the stranger is the fact that French came to California burdened with an unsavory record in Ohio, and elsewhere. He is said to have secured \$800,000 from Zephtha W. Davis, a Cleveland millionaire; to have been indicted by a grand jury in Akron, Ohio, for fraud, and to have been engaged in a colossal bunco game in Pittsburgh. With General Otis's command of the telegraph wires and The Times's special correspondents abroad in the land it seems extraordinary that such a man could have commanded the great editor's confidence for so long.

Fearful of Stigma.

Edwin T. Earl's recollections of his fruit shipping record are amazing enough to anyone who ever did business with the Earl Fruit Company or the C. F. X. For the present I am quite content to leave him to such comfort as his own conscience affords. Recently I read his testimony before the grand jury in San Francisco, during the investigation of the Home Telephone Company. Certain portions of that testimony, copied from the official transcript, throw more light on Mr. Earl's peculiar character and require no comment. Before being sworn Mr. Earl said:

"I have absolutely nothing to conceal. In

the first place, I know absolutely nothing that will be of any benefit to you. I would be glad if I could help you to locate them." (Presumably, any wrongdoers) "And if possible I would like to avoid testifying here, if I can, on account of the stigma attaching to it."

Mr. Heney: "The fact that a man has testified here casts no stigma upon him, does it?"

Mr. Earl: "Only the stigma of it in the newspapers, and I happen to own a newspaper in Los Angeles, and have some enemies in the newspapers, and for that reason my appearing here and testifying may be misrepresented by them."

Mr. Heney: "We regret that very much, but don't know how we can avoid it. We can't control them absolutely as we would like to, or as much as I would like to."

Mr. Earl: "Well, swear me."

Witness was sworn.

Impressions of a Dummy Director.

Mr. Heney: "Are you a stockholder in any of the subsidiary companies that have been handling the bonds and stocks of the Home Telephone Company?"

Mr. Earl: "You call them subsidiary companies? They are promotion companies, I guess,—investment companies probably, investment companies—all they are. I am a stockholder in the Western Trust Company of Los Angeles."

Mr. Heney: "In the Western Trust Company. Are you an officer in that?"

Mr. Earl: "I am a director, I think. I am a director, a sort of dummy director, only attending one meeting of the organization."

* * *

Mr. Heney: "Have you any stock in the Home Telephone Company other than what you hold indirectly by holding stock in the Western Trust Company?"

Mr. Earl: "You mean, Home Telephone Company of San Francisco. Now, when you say indirectly, I don't understand that I hold stock in the Home Telephone Company of San Francisco even by holding stock in the Western Trust Company."

Mr. Heney: "What does the Western Trust Company hold? What is its business?"

Mr. Earl: "Simply a purchaser or dealer in bonds and securities."

Mr. Heney: "They were merely purchasers of the bonds of the Home Telephone Company of San Francisco for a certain amount and received an amount of the bonds, one million dollars wasn't it?"

Mr. Earl: "That was the amount they were to take; they haven't received any of that as far as I know."

Mr. Heney: "With those bonds they get a bonus of stock, do they not?"

Mr. Earl: "As I remember, they were to buy a million dollars of bonds and were to receive a million dollars of stock."

Mr. Heney: "From whom did they buy?"

Mr. Earl: "From, as I understood it, the Home Telephone Company of San Francisco."

* * *

Mr. Earl: "I don't know anything about their interior workings of the institution. The fact that I am a director in the Western Trust Company, I ought to know something about that possibly, but I don't know, there is really nothing to it. I

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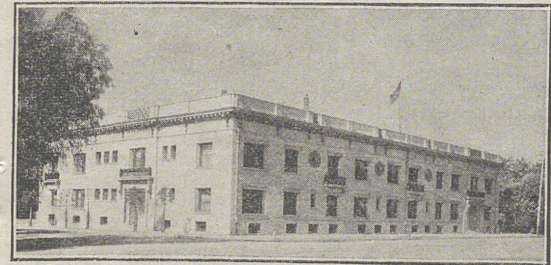
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was only at one director's meeting that I ever attended, and that was simply formal."

Mr. Heney: "... "Now, while it is true that the investment company didn't have much to do except to draw down profits derived, there would not be any profits to derive unless they got the franchise?"

Mr. Earl: "May have been a lot of chumps, and business men can say we were.

When the first call was made for the first payment on the Western Trust Company it came signed Adams-Phillips & Co., and we checked to them. It shows we were simply trusting to them as bankers and financial men and paid no attention to the details."

Mr. Heney: "I have no doubt about trusting them."

Mr. Earl: "We were not philanthropists."

* * *

Mr. Heney: "... "You don't mean to tell me, as a newspaper man you were afraid to reflect on the government up here, and you were running the 'Express' and didn't know this was a boss-ridden town?"

Mr. Earl: "It had a reputation. Impartially it is so."

Heney Rebuked.

Mr. Heney's lines are not laid in pleasant places these days. Last week he suffered two notable reversals. The Supreme Court at Washington reversed the decision of the Federal Court in Oregon in the Williamson land fraud case, holding that Judge Hunt of the trial court erred in his instructions to the jury. On the heels of this bodyblow to Heney came the decision of the Court of Appeals in San Francisco. Moreover, it appears that instead of the "dee-lighted" smiles in which the professional prosecutor expected to bask in Washington, D. C., he was upbraided by the President for his reckless attacks on character. The President is said to have protested vigorously against Heney's unwarranted assault upon General Otis and his threats to send him to jail. Heney's attacks upon Senator Perkins, Senator Fulton and George Knight were also made the subject of severe criticism, and his duties as a special prosecutor, claiming to have the President's support in the administration of justice, were forcibly reimpressed upon him.

At Ruef's Mercy.

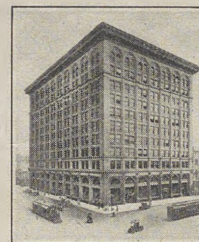
The spectacle of the Spreckels prosecution on its knees before Abe Ruef is far from satisfying. It would appear that if you made terms with the devil, you render yourself liable to accept the devil's terms. When Ruef made his terms with the prosecutors he was careful to have his spiritual adviser, Rabbi Nieto, present as a mediator and a witness to the negotiations. Now the rabbi threatens to tell just what happened unless the prosecution lives up to its promises. "It is time the prosecution 'came through,'" says Rabbi Nieto, "and unless something happens within a few days I shall tell the whole story. I have served my notice on the prosecution, and I wait. Ruef is ready to testify and carry out his part of the contract for immunity, which has been promised him, but the prosecution is afraid to face the issue to which its former promise has brought it, and keep its solemn word with the prisoner, who gave up all he knew."

Fulton and Heney.

Francis J. Heney's "bluffs" are sometimes called. The men whom he has vocally condemned to the penitentiary are innumerable. Occasionally some citizen objects to the Heney method of destroying character. The latest, and a very emphatic objector is Senator Fulton of Oregon, who has called the irresponsible prosecutor to account. In an open letter the Senator from Oregon called upon Mr. Heney "to publicly and specifically set forth the grounds on which you base the charge of wrongdoing on my part. You shall no longer hide behind insinuations. Let the facts be given at once, if facts there be."

So far, Mr. Heney's answer is eminently unsatisfactory. When interviewed in Tucson, the great prosecutor took temporary refuge behind the skirts of his friend and panegyrist, Lincoln Steffens. "An article in a monthly magazine written by Lincoln Steffens," said Mr. Heney, "and others published in a weekly periodical, contain charges about Senator Fulton, which are libelous if untrue, and which charge him with acts which I would construe as corrupt. If he denies them or their truth, I suggest that he test their accuracy by libel suits." This, surely, is an amazing way for a public prosecutor to shirk responsibility. The truth is, as even Mr. Heney's admirers are beginning to discover, that he has a pernicious habit of confounding the responsibilities of an officer of the law with the irresponsibilities of the muck-rakers. But it is hardly a friendly or a grateful act for Damon Heney to suggest that Pythias Steffens be sued for libel.

Much of Mr. Heney's fame and force before the people has been due to his willingness to try his cases in the newspapers. It is a great deal easier to secure an editorial conviction than a jury's verdict, but it is not justice, and it is a peculiarly inappropriate habit—to say nothing of its obvious danger—on the part of a public prosecutor. Senator Fulton may be guilty, but there is a proper place in which Mr. Heney can accuse him, and if he has the evidence,


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can convict him.

Meanwhile, that place certainly is not to be found in the columns of newspapers. It is six months ago since Mr. Heney used a public platform as the proper place from which to accuse General Otis of some mysterious, unnamed, penitentiary offense. So far those Heney threats have got no further than that public platform.

Retrenching.

An era of "retrenching" has struck the "Examiner" office. This is periodical in all Hearst offices—and all other newspaper offices for that matter. Your "Uncle Heine" Lowenthal, and Fenner H. Webb—Mr. Webb succeeds Arthur Clarke pro tem as managing editor—are chief engineers of this era of retrenchment. Heaven help us all!

Paul de Longpre's Piano.

There has been and will be on exhibition this week at the Southern California Music Company's establishment, a specially built Chickering, Parlor Grand piano, which is soon to adorn the home of Paul de Longpre at Hollywood. This piano not only embodies the highest developments of the piano maker's skill, but the case is a work of art; made of solid mahogany and in the most graceful lines, it is suitably decorated by Mr. De Longpre himself. Mr. De Longpre, has in this instance been compelled to work in oil—a medium of which he is not particularly enamored, but with which he has been remarkably successful. Without doubt Mr. De Longpre's piano is entitled to rank as the finest instrument in the West—one of the finest in the country.

See "Sunset."

The current issue of "Sunset Magazine" gives Los Angeles a very handsome "send-off," some thirty or forty pages being devoted to articles and illustrations concerning the resources and attractions of this city and vicinity. Editor Aiken was fortunate in securing as his contributors to this valuable symposium such authorities as Prof. Charles Frederick Holder, John M. Elliott, president of the First National Bank, and G. W. Burton, the veteran real estate editor of "The Times." I hope the Chamber of Commerce and other institutions for the propagation of the gospel of the Land of Sunshine will make liberal use of this issue of "Sunset."

Racing—Bookmaking.

Governor Hughes' message, recommending the abolishment of bookmaking on race tracks in New York State and making it a prison offense, is looked on at this time as being merely a political move of his on account of his aspiring to the Presidential nomination. Nevertheless, the introduction of this measure is bound to receive support from certain quarters. That some radical changes should be made by the authorities in charge of racing affairs can not be questioned, and that efforts are being made to better turf conditions is plainly apparent. Racing without bookmaking has proved a failure. Bookmaking is to racing like dressing to a salad. One can hardly do without the other, and be fully relished. There are some good features to the bookmaking end of the racing game and many equally as bad. When the racing agitation reaches this section, the "Graphic" will be found supplied with data and in a position to ably discuss the question. At the present time the local situation is well in hand, and the officials of Santa Anita Park are doing all they can to provide as clean racing for their patrons as can be expected. There are thousands of tourists here during the winter season who enjoy the out-door sport, and who are well supplied with money to spend now and then if they choose to do so.

Beautifying Santa Anita.

A force of landscape gardeners are at work at Santa Anita Park and already the immediate surroundings begin to show the telling effect of tasteful work. A fine stretch of lawn in front of the paddock will add greatly to the appearance of the grounds, and with some shrubs here and there make it very attractive to the eye. The natural setting of the racing grounds could not have been bettered, and the exclamations of guests in the grand-stand of "Oh, what a grand view!" is frequently heard.

"Copper On" Brolaski.

That Harry Brolaski is chafing under the recent exposures which bid fair for an invitation from the authorities to "hike" from the verdant pastures hereabouts has become evident from the whinings of this individual who is aware that he is being "coppered" in most all moves he makes. Perhaps publicity will keep him within bounds of the law as he much fears iron bars. Brolaski should know that the "copper" is on him out here. He has been allowed to "play" with the "copper off" for a long time and he can realize that his end is near in these parts. When he extends "touches" to lawyers and doctors and their like it is highly probable that the bravado displayed is dwindling. The paddock and betting ring at Santa Anita Park is Brolaski's daily rendezvous.

What is a Moocher.

At the ringside down in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," as McCarey's Naud Junction place is known, last Tuesday night, there was an animated discussion as to the exact meaning of the word "moocher." The noble army of scribblers, recently raised to the honorable rank of referees since the recent ordinance, were each giving their opinions.

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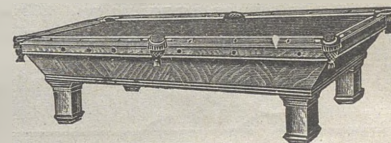
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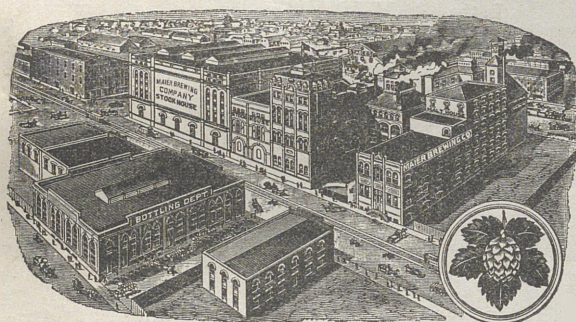
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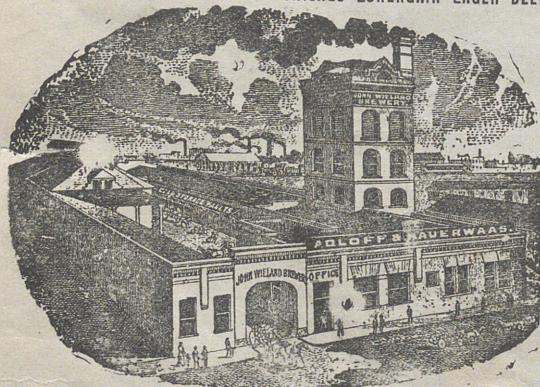
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This is Jack Densham's version of what followed. Van Loan said: "Much as we abhor and condemn his jingling proclivities we will call in our English friend and get the true British version of the meaning of this word." Whereupon the said Englishman was bidden to take pencil in hand and properly describe the word "moocher," in jingle, taking such examples as he saw fit from the assembled company. Absolute immunity was provided and everybody promised not to get their feelings hurt. This is the result of his efforts:

If you go to see a prize-fight,
Or some other high-class show,
If you chance to be invited to a feed,
You will always find him seated in the middle deadhead row;
Or shoveling down the eatables with speed.
And, if perchance you ask him how he happens to be there,
He will answer with a smile, and a very naive air.

"Why, I'm a moocher, a simple moocher.
If you want to know my name it's Johnny Hand,
I do no talkin' I merely walk in,
I'm the most successful moocher in the land.

Voigt.

Mr. A. H. Voigt, president of the California Furniture Company, left this week for Chicago, New York, Grand Rapids and other prominent furniture centers of the East on an extended buying trip.

Mr. Voigt keeps in very close touch with the furniture supply sources of the country and is ever alert for the new things, while they are yet new. He makes these trips to the East regularly, probably oftener than any other furniture buyer in the city. His trip this time will probably spread over six or eight weeks.

The Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First class service for first class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, Manager.

Copper Kettle Boiling Over.

The opening at the Copper Kettle was one of the real society events of the week. I was inveigled into going down there and smiling on the occasion, and found myself turned into a veritable "Jack-among-the-ladies." I managed to find a corner and sat wondering at the amount of feminine afternoon loveliness that could be condensed into one little tea shop. Miss Morris tells me that the venture is turning out even better than they expected, and that afternoon tea time brings more visitors than even the lunch hour. There is a clever little sign in the shape of a real copper kettle hung outside the door, so that if you are passing Mercantile place on either Spring or Broadway, you cannot miss the alluring invitation to refresh yourself with a cup of real tea.

Flint.

Motley H. Flint has been reappointed postmaster. That is good. Mr. Flint is one of the few postmasters of large American cities who is a trained postoffice official. He has given Los Angeles the best service in its history, and under conditions—an unprecedented increase in mail matter handled and

difficulty in getting efficient help—that would have appalled one who did not understand the service from top to bottom. This week there have been miniature tempests in a teapot at Hollywood and South Pasadena over the installation of the free delivery service in those suburbs.

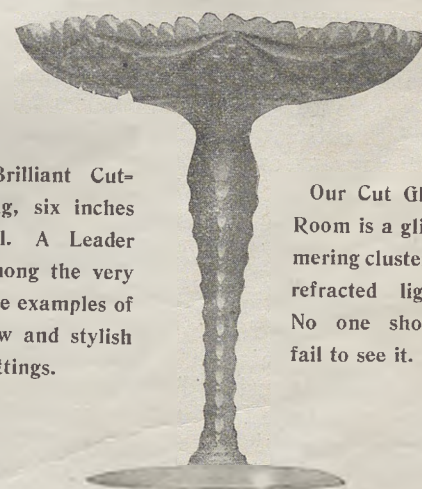
Mooney.

Arthur L. Clarke's successor on the Los Angeles "Examiner," it is announced, will be Robert Mooney of the New York Hearst contingent. Mr. Mooney is a Heidelberg man, and a former employee of the New York "Tribune." I am waiting with some perturbation inside information as to how he will get along with "Your Uncle" Heine Lowenthal. Mr. Hearst, in sending Mr. Mooney hither, follows his usual policy in detailing managing editors to a city in which they are unknown, and of which they know nothing. Teaching a new managing editor "the ropes" is not the least interesting part of service on a Hearst newspaper.

Callaghan Byrne.

Callaghan Byrne's resignation from the Presidency of the Duquesne Brewing Company, it is threatened, will result in court proceedings. The inside of such troubles is never given to the outsiders to know, and I think the chances are that whatever is in dispute will be settled out of court. Eugene Germain becomes president of the company in place of Mr. Byrne.

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Soccer Successful.

The soccer football enthusiasts are having a good time, and the Los Angeles public is beginning to find out how good a game it is to watch. There are three first-class teams in this town, any one of which could hold its own with any amateur team at home. The Thistles, presumably composed of Scotchmen, the Los Angeles Association team, including only Englishmen, and the Rangers, whose members are of all nationalities, are the three. The Thistles have proved themselves the best team so far.

They have not lost a game so far, their nearest approach being a draw with the English team. The Rangers have lost both matches they have played, one against the Thistles and the other against the English team. The latter have a chance to come out ahead, however, since the acquisition of Elliott, the captain of the San Francisco Rugby Barbarians. He is an all-round athlete, and a very fast sprinter, while nearly as clever with his feet as Captain MacDougall.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequelled in tone.

Lucille's Letter

Edgar Apperson, whose "Jack-Rabbit" is creating a furore along automobile row, is accompanied by Mrs. Apperson on his California trip. A more interesting and entertaining woman than Mrs. Apperson the East seldom sends to Los Angeles. She is a true sport in the best sense of the word and at the same time, a womanly woman. She is a splendid shot and usually accompanies her husband on his hunting trips. She mounts the seat of the "Jack-Rabbit" and with a smile watches the odometer register 75 miles an hour when Mr. Apperson tests his car on some of our Southern California roads. The Appersons will remain in Los Angeles a few weeks and have taken a cottage on West Thirty-seventh street.

A studio tea was one of the most attractive and artistic of the society events of the past week. The tea and reception was given by our local musician, Mr. Peje Storck of 922 1-2 South Hope street, in honor of Miss Adele Verne, a clever English pianist, who will appear in concert at the Simpson Auditorium on Thursday evening, January 23. Features of the charmingly interesting afternoon were numbers rendered on the piano by the host as well as this new and talented pianist.

Afternoon tea at the Copper Kettle.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Coburn Turner of 1001 West Washington street, have returned from a prolonged visit in the Western and Southern States. Mrs. Turner is at present the guest of her mother-in-law, at 1816 Toberman street, and will leave for Honolulu at the end of the month, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Ballou.

Where is the Copper Kettle?

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox continues to be feted and feasted by her numerous admirers in the city, foremost of whom is her girlhood friend, Mrs. George Drake Ruddy of 2711 Wilshire boulevard, who gave a delightful tea at her home on Monday afternoon, in honor of the little poetess, Mrs. Dick Ferris, and Mrs. Gertrude Nelson Andrews, the playwright.

Copper Kettle, 223 Mercantile Place.

With a series of luncheons and other social affairs Lillian Burkhart Goldsmith has been welcomed to Los Angeles for a short stay before leaving for her eastern vaudeville tour on the Orpheum circuit. Mrs. Goldsmith,

while playing in San Francisco, was entertained lavishly by her northern admirers. She was particularly honored by the Philomath Club, which invited her to play at its Christmas breakfast. More than 250 women were present and applauded her presentation of Kitty Clive. Monday afternoon of this week Mrs. Hugh Leacham Jones of 977 Westmoreland avenue gave a bridge party, at which Mrs. Goldsmith was the guest of honor. Prizes were captured by Miss Margaret Dent and by Mrs. Hart.

Next week Mrs. Goldsmith is going to put on a little play "The Santa Claus Lady" at the Orpheum, which has not been played in Los Angeles.

Tastiest things to eat at the Copper Kettle.

From Coronado.

Warships have come and warships have gone, even the twin torpedo destroyers Perry and Preble, but Coronado's social whirl whirls on with its wonted decorum. True, following the departure of the Charleston and the Chicago, there was a dearth of young officers about the hotel, but with old friends of the house coming in each day, no noticeable ebb in the social tide followed. Then, too, Coronado's long calendar of sports has got well under way, coming up to the Bogey Handicap. Captain J. C. Sedam, Coronado's veteran golfer, of eighteen years standing, carried off first honors in the initial golf event of the season, an Approaching and Putting contest, with the phenomenal score of 24.

Within the next few weeks the tennis season will be in full blast. In addition to the

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annual invasion of the Sutton clan, Coronado courts will be visited by the two Berkeley tennis experts. Miss Hazel Hotchkiss and Miss Goldie Meyers, who, if they live up to their reputed prowess, will make the world's champion play some tennis to win Coronado's grand trophy the third time, and thereby gain final possession of it. The new tennis courts, built this year at the Coronado Country Club instead of on the grounds of the Hotel, are completed and will soon be thrown open to tennis enthusiasts. A comfortable grandstand, capable of taking care of the large gallery of spectators, which attend Coronado's tennis tournaments, has been built alongside the courts.

Previous to the departure of the old cruiser Chicago on its trip around the Horn to Hampton Roads and New York the officers gave a reception on board ship. It was widely attended, for the boys from the Chicago have for a long time been favorites at Coronado. They have been closely associated with Coronado's social life. It is a certainty that the Chicago coterie of the erstwhile flagship of the White Squadron will be missed at the beach. Though all the warships have left harbor, very few of the feminine portion of the navy family have gone. Mrs. Alex Mitchell, very popular in the navy set, following her husband's departure on the Chicago, left for San Francisco. The other officers' wives are still at the hotel, chiefly because most of the cruisers are expected back in a few weeks, bringing along the big ships of Admiral Sebree's squadron, the Tennessee, Washington, California and possibly the South Dakota.

Chief concern in the approaching polo season lies in whether or not the management is going to secure the required entries for the \$4000. International cup, offered this year for the first time. The stipulations of this tournament require that at least two teams foreign to California compete. Two Honolulu clubs and one Canadian organization seem to be the most likely participants. Though a number of eastern individual players will come to Coronado, bringing along their ponies, there will not be enough players from any one eastern organization to enter for the cup, unless some club unexpectedly decides to attend. This splendid polo trophy has been on an exhibition tour of eastern cities. It has been shown in New York, Philadelphia, Washington and Chicago and duly admired by polo enthusiasts. Paul H. Schmidt, secretary of the Coronado Country Club, has been north consulting with representatives from the various California polo organizations. He reports that the contest this year for the John D. Spreckels cup will be the struggle of polo history in California. The Burlingame Club is naturally the favorite. Reports from Los Angeles say that the Angelenos are working faithfully getting out a team to keep the Burlingame outfit from gaining final possession of the John D. Spreckel's trophy.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wiggins, accompanied by Mrs. S. W. Wiggins and her child, were week's end guests at Hotel Del Coronado, recently.

Senor E. Velasco, former Minister of Railroads of Mexico, who has a son in school at Los Angeles, spent a few days at the hotel coincident with the visit of the Secretary

of Commerce. Senor Velasco was accompanied by his family. They came in a private car.

Residents of Los Angeles and vicinity, who have recently registered at Hotel Del Coronado are Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wiggins, Mrs. S. W. Wiggins and child, G. W. Meyberg, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Norcross, Miss Eleanor Norcross, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Sale, Roth Hamilton, H. C. Goldrick, Mr. and Mrs. R. T. White of Pasadena, J. B. Pridham, Pasadena.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.



Best for the Girl

—A—

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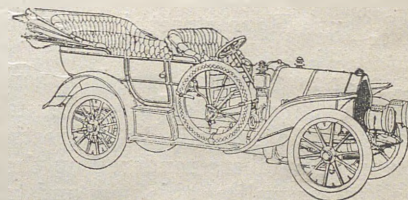
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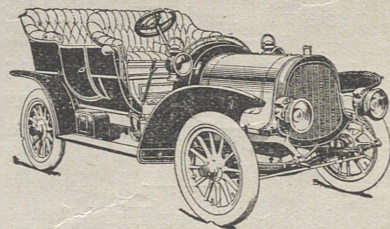
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Lucille's Letter

My Dear Harriet:—

Monday and Tuesday of next week, January 20 and 21, promise to be of more than usual interest to the local devotees of the fashionable world. Miss Swobdi, in conjunction with the Misses Terrill, is on that date going to give us a showing of the beautiful new premises at 749-753 South Broadway, with just a few samples of the spring millinery that is to be displayed in this smart establishment. The regular opening day will not be until considerably later, when Miss Swobdi returns from her annual spring visit to New York and other Eastern cities, but everything in the place will be so adorably new and pure and white, all the appointments in these millinery parlors so very much up to date and luxurious from the cozy waiting and rest room to the little French fitting chairs.

Spring is beginning to make itself felt already in our big establishments. Do you know, Harriet, the Boston Store has in its dress goods departments already received a heavy consignment of pretty novelties in materials for the coming season. Voile is very, very good again this year, and the Boston is carrying a very choice display of this popular fabric. Stripes and plaids, in silk and woolen voile are de rigueur and come in all delicate shades as well as in darker and more durable tartan effects. Many stunning gowns will be produced from those "bolts from the blue" that the Boston Store has captured.

Of late I've had to discover my friends on the streets through such a mass of veilings and frills and velvet ribbon bands that I bethought me it was time I found out what all this becomingly modest covering meant, so I hied me to the veiling and neckwear department of the Ville and asked the maiden there to "put me wise" about veils. First she solemnly informed me that this season one is not dressed without at least one veil. It's really not decent to walk abroad these days minus at least two yards of drapery round the already overburdened hat, and the correctest and latest scheme is the square of black Chantilly lace—a forty-five inch square—with plentiful dots and splashes in heavy chenille all over it, and bordered with one, two or three rows of narrow velvet ribbon. These graceful mantilla affairs are designed to completely cover the hat and fasten with snug primness by a veil pin at the nape of the fair wearer's neck. Awful chic, you know, dear girl, and the Ville certainly has some beautiful bits all ready to smile through. Then a new and wonderfully useful veil is the moisture and dust proof veil of chiffon cloth, which comes in two and a half yard lengths, in any shade and color, and needs no help to make it invaluable for those who ride daily and nightly in automobiles. The neckwear at the Ville is especially interesting and novel this season, too. I saw some exquisite Duchesse lace chemisettes, delightfully fine hand-embroidered linen sets of collars and cuffs; a large variety of these dinky little lace bow knots that look so cute inserted into the stud of the upstanding collar. And for the sporting golf girl, my dear, the Ville has a most wonderful new selection of pique and wash Ascot ties, wide and soft and easy

on the neck, for the ridiculous price of fifty cents each. Du Barry scarfs are still holding their own. I'm told, and the Ville has a very choice assortment of all shades.

Myer Siegel's good house was busy as ever when I popped in to see what was doing this week. The new spring and summer wash suits had just been brought up from the unpacking, and my! what a fitting and a fussing was going on over these jaunty linen garments! I see that linen suits in the natural color, with brightly contrasting collars and cuffs and facings are going to be very much in evidence all through the coming months. Myer Siegel's showing of these coats and skirts in all kinds and sizes of models is most thorough and exhaustive. You can't suggest a model or style in a new spring garment that is not already awaiting you at Siegel's. The prices are by no means prohibitive, either, and the garments are stunning.

And now, Harriet, I'll give you a hint where you can make your dear bargain-loving soul perfectly happy and content. Blackstone's big new establishment isn't doing a thing but cutting the prices of every scrap of their millinery exactly in half. This does not mean that a lot of left over winter hats that you wouldn't want to wear anyway are being sold at a big reduction on the original price. Not at all! All the lovely imported models, my child; the precious bird-of-paradise creations, the monster dress hats bobbing with ostrich plumes, all the enviable but hitherto unattainable pieces of swell millinery are just to be cut down to one-half the marked price. Dear girl, I saw some lovely new models—not shop-worn affairs that had grown weary with much handling, but newly finished hats, marked eighteen and twenty dollars that one can have now for \$9 and \$10. This is the day for those who learned "how to wait," but don't waste any more time, as Blackstones' glass cases were already showing spaces where "the birds had flown" when I dropped in early this week. After all you see it was better to make haste slowly.

Once more, then, I must say adios,

Affectionately yours, LUCILLE.

South Figueroa street, January fourteenth.

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On the Stage and Off

Frank Healy did not make good on his announcement that the waltz from "The Merry Widow" would be reproduced in his current offering at the Los Angeles Theater. The reason is that if he had done so Klaw & Erlanger would have wired John Cort to close the house. The story of the big comic opera success and the entire absence of copyright protection is an interesting chapter in American theatricals, hitherto unpublished, and here it is:

Lehar turned over the score of the piece to a Vienna manager several years ago. It was set aside as of no value. Two years ago it was taken out and dusted to fill in a vacant week while a new opera was being prepared. It was an instantaneous hit, and soon was taken to Berlin and thence to London. Henry Savage saw it and bought the American rights. Now no foreign production can be copyrighted in America, unless the production in this country is simultaneous with the one in Europe. Therefore

when Klaw & Erlanger found that Savage had secured what promised to be a sensational success they promptly "declared themselves in" for 25 per cent. of the net profits. In return for this they promised Savage protection. In other words they guaranteed that it would not be produced anywhere in the United States without his consent. Their ability to make good is not hard to understand. Hence the "copyright" is nothing more nor less than trust domination of the amusements of the country, which never has been more forcibly demonstrated.

Still, every week the press agent announcements, which the Savage office in New York sends broadcast to almost every newspaper in the country is headed with a screaming display "warning" all managers that unlicensed use of the music will be followed by "prosecution to the full extent of the law," and to this is appended the magic name of Klaw & Erlanger. If there were a

real copyright, does anyone think for an instant that such a bluff would be necessary?

Having been thwarted in his plan to put a circus on the stage of the Auditorium Theater, Dick Ferris has enlisted the versatile John Blackwood as a partner, and together they will bring the Sells-Floto attractions from Venice and give shows on the vacant lot diagonally opposite the Theater Beautiful. Blackwood does not directly deny his connection with the enterprise, and his protestations of innocence are taken in much the same spirit as the declarations of General Otis that he is not "directly" interested in the "Herald."

Lewis Stone's engagement as leading man of the Belasco closes next summer, and it is practically certain that he will take over the Lyceum theater of Minneapolis—which gave Dick Ferris his latest start on the road to prosperity—and become an actor-manager. Negotiations to that end are already in progress. Mr. Stone makes no secret of his intentions, and there is every reason to believe that the deal will go through and Stone make a big success.

Manager Clarence Drown is reorganizing the Ulrich Stock Company for the regular summer season of melodrama at the Grand. Florence Barker is scheduled to return to the company as leading woman, and Lillian Hayward as the "heavy." Nothing definite has been announced as yet, however.

A narrow escape from a panic in a Main street moving picture theater Sunday following the burning of a celluloid film, and the awful loss of life in a Pennsylvania town Monday night from a similar cause suggests the necessity for immediate and stringent legislation requiring safeguards in these places.

Did you notice that charming white lock still adorning the top of Joe Galbraith's mop of sunny curls? That white lock is a part of Joe's stock in trade, it seems; and how the matinee girls do gloat over it.

An announcement of keen interest in theatrical and society circles is the engagement of Miss Mary Van Buren to Charles Ernest Paul, son of Sir Charles Paul, Attorney-General of India, the wedding to take place on or about the first of May in London. Mr. Paul is an Anglo-Indian merchant prince, with money to burn and palaces in many countries. He lost his heart to the beautiful Mary years ago when she was touring the world with T. Daniel Frawley. Matrimony didn't appeal to the lady then, and she returned to the footlights. Now, however, it seems Mary has experienced a "change of heart." She has received many flattering offers both in Paris and London, from managers of the big theaters, but the only part she will play in the future is as mistress of the palaces and yachts and motor cars and fine thoroughbred horses of her husband. No one can "queen" it better than "our Mary."

Just as much at home on the stage as he



Arthur Cunningham at the Los Angeles Theater

was two years ago Joseph Galbraith, the-erstout and good-looking, returns to the Belasco in "A Gilded Fool." Mr. Galbraith evidently lays no more claim to subtileness than an infant, but nevertheless he is decidedly "there" in farce and straight comedy roles. There are some things he misses in the part of Chauncey Short, but he plays with such fresh breeziness and vigor that it doesn't matter if there are deeper things to the role. Mr. Galbraith makes his points and makes them finely—what more should we ask of a comedian? Katherine Emmet is gradually warming up—but only gradually. Miss Emmet seems somewhat afraid of herself, somewhat fearful of letting herself go. Therefore, while her Margaret Ruthven is very sweet, very womanly, there are several little scenes where she is chilling and almost metallic. Dot Bernard, with a lisp and a stutter that are entrancing, is a lovably girlish Nell Ruthven, and Richard Vivian is just himself as Jack Duval. Howard Scott deserves more than a line for the fine distinction he makes, in the very few minutes allowed him, between the pseudo parson and the real detective.

As to "A Gilded Fool," itself—it abounds with lines which sparkle with comedy, and while it has its serious moments of "real" things, some absurdity quickly follows to gain a laugh. The scenery is more than excellent. We have grown so used to seeing "millionaires' libraries, etc.," that look like boarding-house parlors that it is a decided relief to find tasteful rooms that bear marks of the refinement and wealth, which the play calls for.

"Pretty Peggy" was only a fair novel at

best; as a play it is less than fair. Blanche Hall, with a rich bit of brogue to twist her tongue, and all the witching ingenuousness of Peg Woffington, carries the brunt of the performance on her small, but capable shoulders. The sly wit of Peg loses none of its spice, and the rough expressions that rather detract from the character are lent a naive fascination by Miss Hall's winsomeness.

William Desmond is at his best as David Garrick. Mr. Desmond is very much at home in a costume play; what is usually a redundancy of gesture on his part, is becoming in a stilted character. Harry Mestayer, too, is an exquisite fop and a kindly gentleman as Sir Charles Hanbury and proves himself a diplomat by his handling of Orlando, Peg's donkey—which happens to be a burro. The wild-eyed Cavendish is more pathetic than despicable in the hands of H. J. Ginn, and Henry Stockbridge, as Capt. Cholmondeley acts like a college boy in fancy costume.

Margo Duffet, in costumes that are perfect examples of the modiste's art, is a dashing Eva Sorel. Miss Duffet is becoming a capable actress, but she should overcome an ugly little habit of tilting her chin skywards.

The staging and costuming are lavish in detail, with few of the inconsistencies that sometimes mark such performances.

There is perhaps no actor better qualified through long years of study and association with prominent actors, such as Edwin Booth, Thomas W. Keene, Madame Modjeska, as well as his own personal genius to portray Shakespeare's characters, as Charles B. Han-

ford. In the rendering of Antony and Cleopatra, which was given last Monday night at the Mason Opera House, Los Angeles certainly had an opportunity to enjoy this spectacular production to the fullest extent; for evidently no pains or expense had been spared in staging it, scenery and costumes being unusually good. During the overture the audience was introduced to actual scenes of Egypt of today, with some excellent moving pictures that included some of the principal cities mentioned in the play, showing their streets, temples, pyramids, the Sphinx, and some excellent views along the Nile. This was not only very instructive, but gave the audience a splendid introduction into its locality and atmosphere. The first act opened, showing the portico of Cleopatra's Palace, with the river Nile in the distance; this scene was very good, showing thought and care. A very pretty effect was introduced here by the tambourine dance, which was perfectly rendered, showing that the ballet had been well trained. In Mr. Hanford's rendering of Antony, we found all that could be wished in expression and delivery, but perhaps the dignity of the character a trifle overdrawn, which made Mr. Hanford appear at times somewhat stiff; otherwise his portrayal of Antony was all that could be desired, as he showed an enthusiasm which was born from a perfect understanding of all the deep and passionate feelings which make up the character of Antony. The same criticism will apply to Mr. Alexander MacKenzie, who took the part of Caesar and otherwise ably supported Mr. Hanford. Miss Alice Wilson ably rendered the difficult character of Cleopatra, and when we take into consideration that she employed only two weeks in

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GEORGE W. BARNUM

in

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Saturday, 25c to 75c.

which to learn and absorb four distinct Shakespearean characters, and the superb way she entered into the most subtle feelings of this intense and powerful character, it seems incredible that this was her first appearance before the public in this rendition. Mr. Hanford, no doubt considers himself most fortunate in having been able to secure such genius and unusual talent to support him in such a prominent character. Her expression and delivery was admirable and a grace of movement with spontaneous action that was magnetic, held the audience's intense attention. Her difficult role of Cleopatra's passion and intense love was exquisitely rendered, as only a refined and beautiful nature could portray it, and as a woman who thoroughly understands. One is led to wonder how this character could have been rendered with such intensity and perfection, with so little preparation. If Miss Wilson continues in this way she will no doubt soon follow in the footsteps of her talented countrywoman Ellen Terry, whom she closely resembles in her mannerisms.

The character of Cleobarbus was well rendered by Mr. John M. Kline, who showed not only an understanding of his part, but who had a good strong delivery with fine expression. Some of the other supports have yet something to learn in delivery and expression. On the whole the piece was beautifully rendered. The only jarring note was the introduction of a Gothic chair, in which Cleopatra gives her death scene in Egypt. It seems incredible that such a captivating play, so well staged and rendered, should have to go through their performance to practically an empty house. This, in itself must have been a very depressing feature to the actors, though what there was of an audience was very appreciative, giving many spontaneous outbursts of approval. We sincerely trust that the public will show more appreciation in the future for this deserving company.

"Ship Ahoy" is the jolliest cargo of hysterical fun and frolic that ever made port. I have already brought ashore two separate barge loads of laughter deep and loud, and am off again for more.

The music is just a free and easy hotch-potch of nothing in particular. It always is in these farcical affairs. But it fills the purpose to a nicety, and the merry-merries were never better fitted, nor happier, nor more fetching in all their cavorting lives.

By the way, there is one bright particular merry-merry that—well, what I was really going to say was this. Arthur Cunningham and George Kunkel have a "Highball" duo that for split-the-heavens cacophony beats bedlam hollow.

Daphne seasick and Daphne tight are sights to make the angels chortle, and Miss Hemmi is head and shoulders above nine-tenths of her Italian rivals in purity and delightsomeness. Miss Beatty breaks new ground in her passionate set-to with Toddle, and Eugene Weiner has at last got touch of himself in dead earnest. "Ship Ahoy" is a veritable treasure barque.

Joseph Montrose, he of the fiery locks and sweet smile, is fast becoming a rival of William Desmond, the great and only. Joseph takes the tickets at the Sunday matinees—perhaps to allow those dear girls to catch a glimpse of his classic profile.

This month's "Munsey" contains a striking photograph of Lillian Albertson, who is creating the principal role of "Paid in Full." Nearly every leading New York magazine and dramatic paper has paid its flattering tribute to Miss Albertson's histrionic ability and personal magnetism.

There'll be many a glad hand to applaud George Barnum Monday night. Seldom does a man gain and retain so large a circle of personal friends as Mr. Barnum. A week of "Old Heidelberg," with George Barnum in his masterly portrayal of Dr. Juttner, is promised by the Belasco management.

It will be a pity if Melvin Bartlett's new song "My California Belle" is tied up because some other song has a similar title. The Bartlett composition is being introduced this week by E. Coit Albertson in "Buster Brown," and promises to become popular.

Sherlock Holmes is investigating the case of Blackwood and those "Ain't it Awful, Mabel" letters that weekly adorn the Belasco News. If J. Handsome be guilty of their perpetration, he is either to be hanged or forbidden to talk.

Grusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Mason—"Forty Five Minutes from Broadway"—another of the bubbling George Co-han musical comedies follows Frank Daniels, for a week's engagement.

Belasco—There has never been an actor with so large a personal following in this city as George W. Barnum, and his return Monday night as Mr. Pipp, in "The Education of Mr. Pipp" will doubtless be the signal for the rallying of his legion of friends and admirers.

Burbank—"A Square Deal," a play by Edward Rose, dealing with timely political subjects, holds the boards for next week.

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Los Angeles—"Dolly Varden," which is considered one of the best offerings of the San Francisco Opera Company, opens Sunday for a week. "Dolly Varden" is regarded as the best effort of Stanislaus Stange and Julian Edwards, and was formerly a vehicle for Lulu Glaser.

Orpheum—The departure of the Orpheum Road Show leaves only one number from the present week's programme on the bill for the week of January 20. The one artist who remains is Mlle. Zelig de Lussan, who will be heard again in a new programme. Mlle. de Lussan has made the artistic success of the season at the Orpheum. Many expected that her appearance in vaudeville would mean a typical vaudeville programme, but Mlle. de Lussan has demonstrated that the patrons of Advance Vaudeville are as appreciative of the best music as are the people who support the concerts and grand opera. The newcomers are headed by B. Gallagher and Barrett in a travesty of the military drama entitled, "The Battle of Too-Soon." Lotta Gladstone is known as the girl with the laugh. Her monologue is called "The Country Girl." Lillian Burkhardt will appear again here before starting on her tour. Her offering is "A Deal on 'Change." Ralph Johnstone, the daredevil bicycle rider offers the most sensational stage cycling act ever seen here. The Juggling McBanns are specialists in club manipulation. They are human whirlwinds. New motion pictures close the bill.

Grand—"Quincy Adams Sawyer," is the announcement for the Grand, commencing Sunday afternoon. This mirthful New Eng-

land play was seen here three years ago and pronounced good by those who witnessed it. The play follows closely the narrative told in Charles Felton Pidgin's book of the same name. No attempt has been made to enlarge on the plot. The hero is a wealthy young lawyer of Boston, who goes to the country for his health. He meets and falls in love with a blind girl, whose love he wins. Their courtship is the main theme of the play, but the only one, for in the matter of love-making alone this play holds the record. There are six full-fledged love stories in progress all the while. The play has won its distinction not on these love stories, but for its faithful delineation of New England character and the strength of its comedy situations.

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POSTPONED DATE

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Josef Hofmann, Pianist

THURSDAY, JAN. 23. SAT. MAT., JAN. 25

Jan Kubelik, Violinist

TUESDAY, JAN. 28. THURSDAY, JAN. 30

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In the Musical World

By FREDERICK STEVENSON

The Symphony concert of Friday afternoon last found its chief distinction in the brilliantly scored "Irish Rhapsody" of that curiously compounded being Charles Villiers Stanford.

I remember this fine young representative of the Ould Sod in the erratic moods of his salad days—the days when, not yet thoroughly determined upon the advisability of a plunge into the musical maelstrom, he was gradually feeling his way toward the wrecking of British academicism.

Later days have shown the wisdom of his ultimate resolution; for Charles Villiers Stanford has developed into by far the most picturesque and potent personality that English music has known since Sullivan went to his eternal rest—and in this statement there is no element of forgetfulness of the assertive and successful Elgar.

Dr. Stanford has all the spontaneous charm and native humor of his race, and yet is as full primed with dry theoretic powder as the hide-bound pedantic pipers could well demand. His present position as Professor of Music at Cambridge bespeaks the public recognition of his supremacy, and

his many strikingly original works have gone far toward destroying the common delusion that England has no composers to pit against its German and Gallic cousins.

Witness the "Irish Rhapsody" as a proof in point. Here is a strong, finely-writ score abounding in characteristic effects—many of them bizarre and daring enough for the most rabid of the later colorists, and many others rich to repletion with melodic and harmonic periods of the most seductive and winning type imaginable.

The romantic is writ large in Stanford. He is nothing if not fanciful, capricious, changeable as the winds of his peat-bog land. Hence, he leaps at will from the great, broad sweep of superbly colored declamation by the brass he knows so well to the most exquisitely tinted miniatures limned by his loved oboe and cello—and always with such moving effect that we turn us instinctively to our neighbor for the responsive look of deep inward content.

The "Irish Rhapsody" is a great work, a very beautiful work; and we may well forgive the conventionalism which forces the occasional hearing of an antique, windy "Fidelio," and a "Scotch" that hasn't

enough devilment in it to dare look a high-ball in the face, if only it will bring us now and again to an oasis of such pure beauty and rare delightsomeness as Stanford has created in the vast desert of gritty, sandy, pulseless tone.

It should be repeated. I hope it will be. Mr. Hamilton does his best work in it—possibly for the reason that he finds something worth doing when he gets hold of a living, breathing, hot-blooded thing instead of wandering along the dark paths of inanity hand in hand with mediocrity.

* * *

Of Mr. Witherspoon, the much anticipated basso, a whole page might well be written for and against—if only on the text which has so often served as the subject for discussion.

The "For" form two strong points of admiration—the one, for the marked intellectuality of the artist; the other, for an unusually agreeable personality. On the interpretative side (adjudged altogether apart from any question of tonal method) I find myself halting between two opinions. But it were foolish to lay any stress on a matter of this kind, for the very simple

reason that interpretation must always be so much governed by personal predilection and temperamental considerations that no man has the right to lay down any hard and fast rule.

But, when we tread upon the far more serious ground of tonal method and tonal placement, we find ourselves face to face with the very thing which has ever been the bete noir of the solo vocal sphere—the bass voice, properly so called.

In this particular Mr. Witherspoon is, frankly, a bitter disappointment to me. He comes heralded as a vocalist of the highest international reputation. His reputation on this side of the Atlantic, so far as I know, places him at the head of his compatriots; and England has, it is said, paid him the most notable honors within its power to bestow.

Yet, what do we find? Mr. Witherspoon is, openly and confessedly, a bass—a bass of the heavy register and everyday chest character which should never be suffered in the upbuilding or usage of the solo voice.

There is no intrinsic beauty in the bass voice—as a solo voice. There cannot possibly be any beauty in it—for solo purposes. It is good in its place, indispensable. But its place is not in solo interpretation. There, the baritonic placement must obtain, no matter how broad the character, or how extensive the range. Any departure from the law of nature is bound to bring disaster in its train sooner or later.

I will go further and say that there has never been a great bass in the whole procession of really great singers from the beginning of things to the present time. True, names can be given—names of a sort. Karl Formes, perhaps, will first spring to mind.

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But he, like all the rest of his school, knew force as his God, and the result was as it always is.

Thus, then, while praise may well go out to Mr. Witherspoon in respect of his intellectual and emotional grasp, there can be nothing but regret for the exploitation of a tonal placement which, radically evil in itself, is more than likely to work incalculable mischief with innumerable young students who naturally look to the greater artists for their inspiration and authority.

Nor is this a theory regarding the mechanism of the voice alone. For the aesthetic side of art suffers even more severely by this wrongful usage. The sole sum and substance and intent of music is EFFECT—the effect that takes hold upon the senses and compels emotion. And this is precisely what the bass voice cannot possibly achieve, so far as I myself have been able to hear and read aright.

That the bass voice has apparently achieved much in this direction must, however, be admitted; for Mr. Witherspoon's present standing and success makes this more than plain. But that is just where the puzzle comes in; for to me, at least, there is not one single magnetic thrill, not one solitary glint of tonal beauty.

I want a voice to move me, to lay hold, to grip with the mighty bands of passion and intensity. Gogorza can do it at will; Herbert Witherspoon, never.

Gogorza shows the eternal way of eternal beauty and true loveliness; and I sincerely trust that our young baritones, our teachers and our students will hold fast to the faith as he propounds it—to the faith as the writer has always endeavored to expound it.

Mr. Bacon's presentation of "Elijah" at the Simpson this evening should draw out a great and appreciative audience; for this glorious work is an old and well-tried story with the Pomona director, and I hear nothing but the highest praise for his Claremont chorus.

The capital quartette of soloists—Mrs. Johnstone Bishop, Mrs. Rockhold-Robbins, Mr. Miller and Mr. Witherspoon—together with a professional orchestra, with Mr. Krauss at first desk, presage an excellent performance. Mr. Bacon certainly deserves the best we can give him, both in material support and in cordiality of reception—for Mr. Bacon has always striven for art in the truest and best sense, and his Claremont work is a standing tribute to his patient upbuilding.

Josef Hofmann, the celebrated pianist, will reach here on Sunday afternoon, and appear Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon in concert at Simpson's Auditorium. This is Mr. Hofmann's first engagement in California this season, and after a tour of the Pacific Coast, he will appear in the east with some of the great metropolitan orchestras. This is his fourth visit to Los Angeles, and he has always received a hearty welcome.

His programme numbers are as follows:
Prelude and Fugue, E Minor; Scherzo (Mendelssohn.)

Sonate Appassionata, (Beethoven.)

Barcarolle; Prelude, G Minor, (Hachmanioff.)

Au Jardin, (Balakiroff.)

Sonate, B Minor, (Chopin.)

Legende, "St. Francis walking on the waves;" Liebestraum; Campanella, (Liszt.)



Jan Kubelik and Madame Kubelik

Kubelik's success since his phenomenal opening at the Hippodrome, on November 10, where he played to \$5,676.00, the largest sum at popular prices ever known in America, has been continued through the Middle West, where he played almost entirely up to the week before Christmas. Five concerts were given inside of four weeks in Chicago, to crowded houses, one of them being on a Sunday afternoon when there were three other concerts besides all the regular matinees against him as opposition.

His trip to the Coast began at Omaha, Sunday, December 29, and from there to Denver, Salt Lake City, Spokane, Tacoma, Vancouver, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco, appearing in or around that city January 25 to 22; thence to Los Angeles, where his first concert will be given Tuesday evening, January 28 and Thursday, January 30.

The local program is:

"Sinding," (Concerto A Dur). Allegro energico Andante Allegro Giocoso—Kubelik.

"Chopin," (Barcarolle); "Chopin" (Scherzo D Minor); "Schumann" (Chanson Trist.)—Mlle. Roy.

(a) "Spohr" (Adagio); (b) "Tchaikowsky" (Scherzo); (c) "Fibich" (Poem); (d) "St. Lubin" (Arranged of Sextette from "Lucia"). (For Violin Alone.)—Kubelik.

"Saint-Saens" (Valse Caprice)—Mlle. Roy.

"Paganini" (Fantasie)—Kubelik.

Mlle. Berthe Roy, solo pianiste; Herr Ludwig Schwab, accompanist.

Adele Verne, the wonderful woman pianist, who played last Thursday evening at Simpson's Auditorium, is to give a second concert in the same auditorium on Saturday afternoon, February 1. Those who were not fortunate enough to hear this artist before, should take advantage of this opportunity to secure their seats at the box office at the Blanchard Hall.

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Among the Artists

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

The Woman's Club-house on Figueroa street has been the great center of attraction for the past week owing to the exhibition of Mr. Carl Oscar Borg's work. We recognize a new departure in his work, a new aim, brought about, unquestionably, by his residence in a warmer and brighter atmosphere, which has thawed out the cold tones of yore, and dispelled the grey fogs and mists of his more northern clime. That a painter is born and not made, is well proved by this excellent poetic artist. He is a graduate from the college of hard knocks and persistent hard work, blessed with a clear refined brain, quick to perceive and recognize his own shortcomings, his own critic, his own task-master; one who prods himself on and on to greater work, to greater deeds. This kind of worker, this kind of artist is better without a school and without the dictates and narrow confines in the mannerism of any academy or master. He is a close student, always watching, as he did the old masters in Europe, for the why and wherefore. The exhibit was a real treat as we had the untrammelled expression of the true artist, the one who feels and expresses as he pleases. In his pencil drawings there was something powerful, strong and poetic, carrying one back to old days in Europe, when we enjoyed all such work executed by the best men of a century ago and especially reminding us of Turner's beautiful pencil sketches exhibited years ago in the National gallery and in which Ruskin took such active interest. And have we a Turner here? One with a broader, fuller, richer, technique and less attention to painful details, shall we say a greater poet in pencil? Yes, decidedly a more subtle expression of nature's tenderest moods.

To sum up a master in pencil landscapes, we sincerely hope he will not dispose of any of them now, but save them for a few years, when he can command what price he chooses for them. In his monotypes he again spares no trouble to reach the goal of perfection; we have known him to spend hours searching old book-stores simply to seek and find a certain quality of old paper made a

century ago merely to tear out one single fly leaf out of an old book to print his monotypes; but this is Borg, the artist. No care, no trouble is too great to obtain the ultimate success. One can imagine, when he was in London where he worked at scene painting at Old Drury Lane, how he must have searched every old musty bookstore for that single sheet of paper, and what old volumes he must have pored over in seeking for it. Among his oils "At Close of Day," was a canvas full of feeling and subtle color, the warm, soft tones vibrating in perfect symphony with each other. "A Breeze from the Sea," a painting of great sentiment, full of admirable color, charming in composition and feeling. "When Day and Night Meet," a beautiful tender bit of painting showing the last gleam of the sun's rays on the tree-tops and the moon rising, a very difficult thing to portray and yet cleverly done.

There were eighteen oil paintings in all, and but one thing was to be regretted, and that was the impossibility of viewing the canvases in any sort of comfort or justice to the works, as they had to be hung around the several reception rooms and hallway, and these places are the worst possible for the proper viewing of a picture.

Next week we will review Joseph Johnson Ray's pictures, which were placed on exhibition in the Blanchard galleries, January 15, to remain until January 29.

The Fine Arts League held its first meeting of 1908, in the rooms of the Ruskin Art Club, in the Blanchard building, Thursday, January 9. Nothing of importance was reported or undertaken.

The Corcoran gallery in Washington, D. C., is showing a good exhibition by the Washington Water Color Club. It is reported that it has been well attended and will keep open to the public until February 12.

The Boston Art Club opened its doors January 3 for the seventy-seventh exhibition of sculpture and paintings. It proves to be of unusual interest, showing no lack of ap-

preciation by all art lovers in that city of ultra knowledge and refinement.

It is understood that there will be an exhibition of the Los Angeles newspaper artists, sometime in February.

Martin J. Jackson will open an exhibit of his paintings in the Steckel galleries on February 1, to continue for two weeks. Mr. Jackson has been working very hard for some time past, sketching in various parts of the surrounding country, so that one may expect to see something of interest from his brush.

Messrs. Burnham and Barndollar, the illustrators, who have a studio in the Blanchard building are doing some clever work in their line. Mr. Burnham has just completed a new cover design for the Pacific Electric magazine illustrating the early days of California. It is a very attractive design and will no doubt prove an acquisition to the magazine.

Joseph Greenbaum has opened a special life class for ladies, which is held in the afternoons of Tuesday, Thursday and Friday in the Blanchard building. This class has already enrolled a number of society ladies, who are aspirants of the brush. He also has a Monday afternoon outdoor sketch class that is appreciated by many.

Eugene C. Frank is holding an important exhibition of his paintings in the Public Library of San Diego under the auspices of the San Diego Art Association. His latest picture called, "Early Settlers" will be shown there for the first time. It depicts a large expanse of western prairie with a fine herd of buffalo. The time chosen is sunset, giving the painter an opportunity to express himself in all the warmth and glow of that charming time of the day, which he has done very successfully. The drawings of the buffalo is very good, full of action and movement. San Diego may be congratulated in having the first opportunity of viewing this artist's work.

Colonial architecture and decorations will be continued next week.

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Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

Well here is a great deadlock. No excitement about the Jack-Rabbit. Now we want to have some excitement; we want to have a big race with all the usual trimmings. Pictures in the dailies, long write-ups, big bets

put up by partisans, a ride out to the course in a big seven-seater and lots of Fizz and jollification afterwards. If these auto people are bent on advertising themselves by this means there is no reason why we should

not obtain the maximum of enjoyment out of their speed gymnastics. This particular instance makes me think of the average present day pugilist. "I am the welter-weight champion; it is true that I cannot make one

hundred and forty two pounds, ringside, and never could, but I claim the welter-weight championship and will box any man in the world at 150 pounds, weighing in at 3 o'clock in the afternoon." Enter then another claimant to fame. He states that he is equally the welter-weight champion and will fight for the largest purse offered provided the other man makes 148 pounds, ringside. And so they scrap and squabble, getting much press work, which deludes the innocent public into the idea that these loud talkers are champions. Meanwhile, the lighter men are challenging the world to meet them at 135 pounds at 3 o'clock and

the promoters publish blazing posters stating that there is to be a battle for the light-weight championship. They crowd to the arena to see the fight and pay in many dollars for a seat and think they are watching a championship fight when, all the time, they know as well as you and I that the light-weight limit is 133 pounds, ringside, and ringside only. Now I want to be fair to Mr. Apperson, and I do not want to give my own people the worst of it. But the question is, WHERE DO WE GET OFF? We want excitement, but we cannot stand for a large amount of newspaper publicity on nothing but talk, wind, guff, smoke, calorified atmosphere, baked breath, dessicated dodderings or anything else describable by maunderings from the wandering tongue of one Husky Matthews.

Let us, then, take a dispassionate view of the case and tell all about it. Here we have one Edgar Apperson, who lives in the effete East and owns a share in an auto factory that supplies the public with Apperson automobiles. He and his accessories before the fact have evolved a high-power runabout, which they call the Jack-Rabbit. In the East, where distances are short and roads comparatively good, the Belgian Hare relative has made good. That is to say that

many of them have been sold, and, as everybody knows, getting the money is the great American idea of "making good." Then casts this Edgar lustful eyes towards California. He hears of the climate and progressiveness of the natives, which combines to make our country a winter paradise. He must come out here and wake us up. The press department of the factory is notified of the obsession and very soon the auto columns of the big dailies hum with prophecies of what Edgar Apperson is going to do to "Them there fellers out in California." These reports naturally reach our local auto row and fierce talk results. But finally it appears that Mr. Apperson has nothing but a short distance car. He claims no hardy qualities for his machine; merely that of speed. He is willing to race any stock car on the road over a distance not exceeding ten miles. Well and good. He has a perfect right to make such a boast as long as he is willing to back it with his money, which he most certainly is. But let us consider the other side of the question. This is what Bill Ruess says. I take Bill Ruess as being a representative driver and one who holds a name, even among competitors, as being the fastest and nerviest speed road driver on the coast. "Nobody pretends to think that all this racing between agents and other representatives of factories is for sport. It is for the purpose of advertising and advancing the sales of the cars one represents. Now then, if you are going to advertise your car, you want to bring out the points of that car, which makes it good for the country in which you are selling it. Southern California is a country of distances and rough roads. If we are going into any kind of a race we want to try to show that by winning the race, our car has shown its adaptability to local conditions. Suppose I were to take my Pope-Toledo and beat Mr. Apperson over six or ten miles of good road. What would I have done? Nothing, except to advertise my car as a mark for the motor-cops. It would not appeal to a single level-headed purchaser in Los Angeles. But if, on the other hand, I can go out on the road and beat the Jack-Rabbit over a fairly long stretch, in which I climb hills, round curves and bump through and over bad pieces of road, then return without a loose bolt or any disarrangement of my car; why surely I have demonstrated the superiority of my car for local conditions and will certainly make sales on that account. I firmly believe that in my 1907 Pope-Toledo stock runabout, I have a car that can easily defeat Mr. Apperson's car in a race from Los Angeles to Mount Baldy, to Santa Barbara or to San Diego over inland or shore route, and I and my friends are willing to back this opinion with home-dug California GOLD."

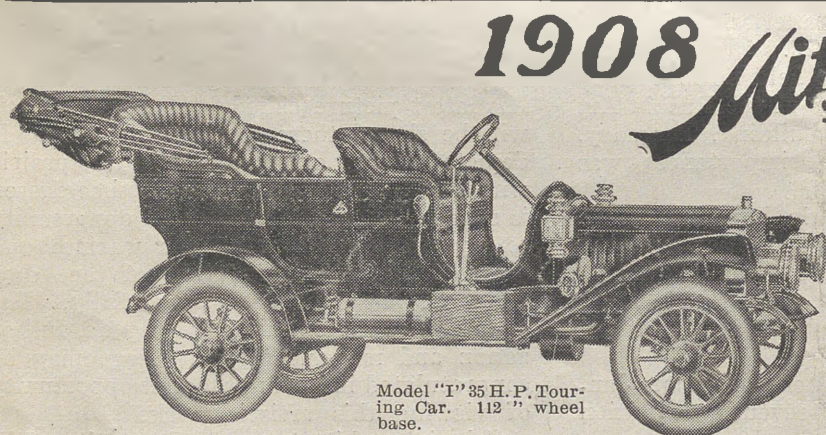
I am bound to admit the sense and reasonableness of Bill's argument. I cannot see that Mr. Apperson will gain anything, locally, by winning a sprint race. Of course the factory would reap great glory and much advertisement in the East and he is wise enough to know it. Candidly I do not believe there is a single local car that could tackle the Jack-Rabbit over ten miles of smooth road. But over the longer distance I feel quite sure that it would be a very different matter. As I stated last week, I was very greatly impressed by Mr. Apperson's personality as a strong man and a

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E. E. CAISTER, Manager.

sportsman. If he have faith in his car, as he surely has, let him show that these things are not done solely for advertisement. Let us see the spirit of the Marathon runner, who wears out his heart over the last two miles although he knows there are ten men in front of him he cannot possibly pass, of the point-to-point man who stays on for the hardest jumps when he is out-classed, of the high-school team that bucks against certain victors playing like Hades all the time, of the good sportsman all over the world, who goes in for it for the love of the game and not for what there is in it. Then let us see some of this same spirit shown by our local men and very soon we shall have a compromise and a rattling fine race. In such a case the loser will receive as much admiration as the winner and Fred Pabst and I will get together and send the names of both to posterity in mighty jingle, while the flowing sack is loosed from the spouting spigots. Here comes the Muse to suggest a compromise course.

Leave Second and Spring streets at half past nine

Then trundle down Spring street to First; Hi Alden is judge here and he takes the time;

Second man pays and we quench our thirst.

Then jump in your cars and start off again, Knock down the cop, he's only a dub, As fast as you like from First along Main, Pull up at the Jonathan Club.

Here stands Hurtless Hirtz, with his forceps in hand;

He's a good judge of "Skin of your teeth;"

Music right here by the Auto-men's band And a high-ball imported from Leith.

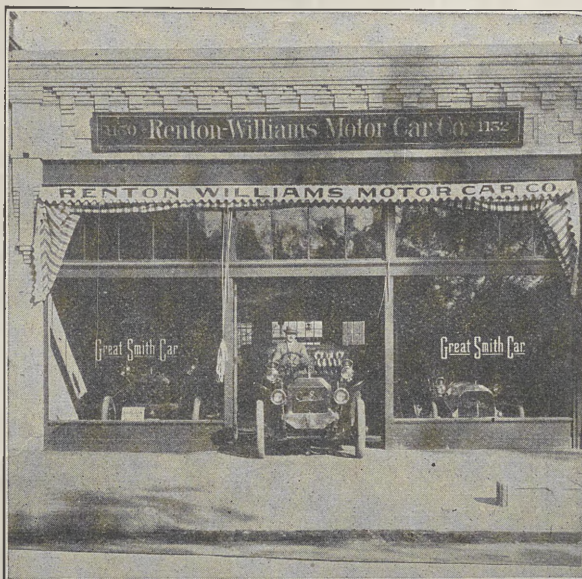
Then down along Main street as fast as you may,

And, if at Ninth you should stop The boys will receive you all smiling and gay, And muzzle the motor-bike cop.

The finish we'll have just wherever you are, In fact, where the winning man thinks He has a good chance to jump out of his car And make Edgar A. buy the drinks.

I had a very fascinating "Quart d'heure" with Bill Ruess the other day. The Pope-Toledo runabout was standing in front of the garage, and he bade me get in and he would take me "Up the hill." That very morning I had seized George Crackel by the arm and reminded him that Christmas was long passed. George fell for the graft and led me to the showcase, whence he extracted a fascinating pair of goggles. I put these in place and was ready for the worst Bill could do. We sauntered up Seventh to Grand and then turned and pulled up in front of the Hotel de Shettler. Leon T. came out and asked what was going to happen. "Nothing," replied Bill, "except that I am about to scare an Englishman out of his wits." I am thankful to confess that I never had any, or I certainly should have been a victim of Bill's dire intent. We crossed Fifth street at about four miles an hour and then Bill touched the throttle, flicked over the spark lever and the engine gave a great roar of delight. We literally

shot forward and, before I could take a breath we were at the top of the hill, Bill had jerked back the control levers and we were making a close turn for the descent. As we drew up in front of Shettler's place again, quite a little crowd collected. Bill was making an impression, and it was too good a chance to miss. So he issued a general invitation to L. T. or Fritz to ride with him, intimating with a jerk of his thumb, that I might rest in the rumble. There were no takers so we made it again "en deux." By this time the crowd was bidding fair to block Fifth and Grand and the hill was



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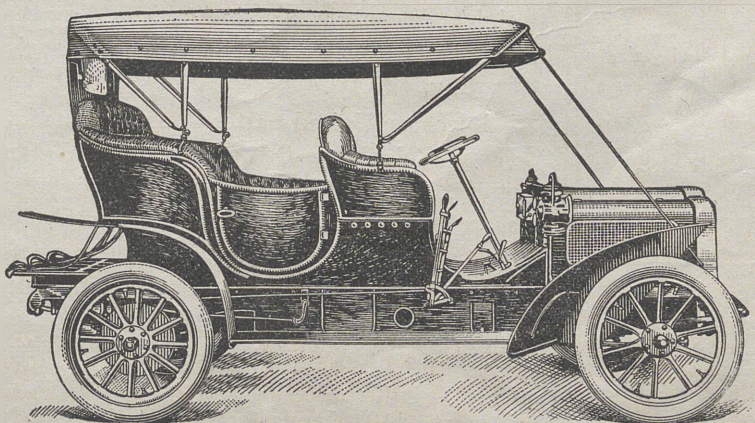
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WHITE

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the money in the world
Let the White Garage
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Model K, 7 Passenger

The Solid Comfort Car.

WHITE GARAGE

712 So. Broadway

Los Angeles, Cal.

lined with curious on-lookers. The third time we stopped in front of Shettler's a P.P. came along. It seemed that he was from Arizona, where they have steep hills and rough roads and he was anxious for a demonstration. He got it. When we started he had his legs crossed and his hat on straight. I sat in the rumble and clung desperately to the handles in front of me. Bill gave the throttle a slight flip and our passenger uncrossed his legs, seized his hat and thrust it behind him, then he gripped the back with his right hand and the port gun-whale with his left. When we put him down out of the car he turned to Bill and with a quaint bow said, "What is your name sir? Ruess? Well Mr. Ruess thank you very much, sir, I am proud to have had the honor of riding with you and sincerely trust that I shall never have the honor again."

While Harry Harrison was complaining that the man was covering the burned garage walls with a very inferior brand of Kalsomine, I interviewed Mr. DuBroi for the second time. He reminds me of the broth you get at the hand-me-out counters. "Clam." He did tell me one thing, however. I found out that he had been to Coronado. How? Well, I don't just know myself. This was a starter and then I stood awe-struck as he delivered himself of the longest speech ever accorded by him to a newspaper man. And make no mistake this is a big feather in my cap. "Went to Coronado. Car? No on the train. Safer, sure you get there. Looked out window, saw car stuck; pond, creek, water in it. Driver tried to cross. Too much water, got stuck, swam, perhaps drowned, hope so, fool driver. Nice place Coronado."

There is a general feeling along the row that things are loosening up and I think this is genuine. George Crackel handed me a very optimistic talk in his general pessimistic manner. It is from the supply men that we must expect the first words of coming better times. Not only George, but Nelson spoke very strongly in the same strain. He is certainly conservative; any such statement coming from him is worth noticing. I did not see Mr. Featherstone to ask him about the same thing, but, judging by the appearance of his store, there is no doubt that business has taken a brisk turn. As a matter of fact, I do not think the supply men have had very much of a falling off in business, but it goes without saying that collections were slow, but now that these are coming along nicely it makes it good all around.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK.
Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.
Los Angeles, Cal.
Statement at close of Business, Dec. 3, 1907

Loans and Discounts	\$10,185,544.73
Bonds, Securities, Etc.....	2,588,674.03
Clearing House Loan Certificates....	87,000.00
Clearing House Scrip	69,264.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	4,190,900.94

TOTAL\$17,121,383.70

Capital Stock	\$ 1,250,000.00
*Surplus and Undivided Profits.....	1,499,001.65
Circulation	1,242,100.00
Bonds Borrowed.....	145,000.00
Deposits	11,685,282.05
Other Liabilities	1,300,000.00

TOTAL\$17,121,383.70

*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

Foster's Magazine

Volume X JANUARY, 1908 No. 4

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Financial

By ALBERT SEARL, OF THE CORNISH-SEARL SYNDICATE

Money freer and collections easy, sums up financial conditions.

New York has plenty of funds for all legitimate purposes, and that means that all of our troubles are about at end. It soon will be time again for the wise-acre to crawl out of his hole with a new sneer that we out here are not affected by Wall street conditions.

Have you noticed how Union Oil, Los Angeles Home Telephone and other standard local securities have jumped the past week? Union is up a dozen points over what it was selling the last day of December, and while Home has not made as big a gain, it has jumped a couple of dollars a share, with a generally firm market. At present prices, Union pays in excess of eight per cent., and is easily worth two hundred dollars a share. Home, preferred at fifty-five will pay nine per cent. Home and United States Long Distance dividends, quarterly, will be payable February 10. The amounts will be \$1.25 and \$1 respectively. Better get in while there is yet time.

New York stocks are all on the up swing, and should be purchased around present price. Southern Pacific is paying more than eight per cent., as also is Atchison. Buy these securities outright and beware of marginal trading.

Purchase United States Long Distance, the Home Telephone Company's long distance stock. It is good for at least ten points. and at present prices pays nine per cent.

Good coppers such as Giroux, Greene and the Arizona stocks that are standard, should be gotten while they are still cheap. Greene should sell at twenty with copper at fifteen cents a pound, and Giroux selling below \$4, is worth \$10. It was selling at thirteen less than a year ago, and now the company is about ready to produce. Greene sold above thirty-five dollars a year ago. I am pre-

pared to execute orders upon all stock exchanges upon a commission basis.

I must decline to advise the purchase of Nevada stocks at this time, although several of the issues undoubtedly carry excellent prospects for speculation.

Former Mayor William H. Workman has retired from the presidency of the American Savings Bank and W. F. Botsford becomes president. Mr. Workman will spend his remaining years free from business care and worry.

H. C. Stuart, Richard Laynes, G. O. Clark and W. F. Stevens have been elected directors of the Citizens Savings Bank of Long Beach, succeeding W. L. Porterfield, S. A. Sanderson, E. S. Gunoy and J. E. Coutts.

Leroy Hall and Charles Harden have purchased the Holtville Bank. Mr. Harden will be in charge.

A bank is to be established at Thermal in the Coachella Valley. Long Beach capitalists are interested.

The Southern Trust Company has re-elected all its officers.

Bonds

San Pedro, it is expected, will vote soon on an issue of \$40,000 bonds for a new City Hall building.

Silver.

Weeks ago Herman Silver, the only member of the State Bank Commission, who knows anything about banking, said to me that his incumbence in office was a matter of only a short time.

Mr. Silver's position, it appears, was made difficult by Commissioner Sherer, a machine-made commissioner. The State Bank Commission is already in sufficiently bad repute for inefficiency without losing its only efficient member—but no one can blame Herman

Silver for leaving. The war made upon Mr. Silver by politicians and some newspapers in the North has been grossly unfair. Mr. Silver was charged with having examined the California State Deposit & Trust Company, and having found no cause for criticism. As a matter of fact and truth, examination of the defunct bank never fell to Mr. Silver's share in the commission's work. Apparently with the subtle purpose of driving Mr. Silver off the Bank Commission, he was re-

cently assigned to the examination of the banks in the mountain counties instead of those in Southern California, which had previously formed his territory. The new assignment meant long and hard trips by stage, which were too severe for a man of Mr. Silver's age. I understood, however, that Commissioner John C. Lynch has generously volunteered to change assignments with Mr. Silver, if he will remain on the Board.

In the Literary World

The volume entitled "A Treatise on Plagues," by Dr. W. J. Simpson of King's College, London (Putnams), was prepared at the request of the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, with the object of setting forth concisely the principal facts concerning the plague in its historical, epidemiological, clinical, therapeutic and preventive aspect. It will be recalled that up to 1896 the plague, considered as an epidemic disease, was merely of historical interest. Confined, where it existed at all, to some remote areas in China, India, Persia, Arabia and Africa, its power for far reaching destructiveness was generally believed to be extinct. Today, on the other hand, the plague is a matter of deep concern to many countries and has been the subject of two international conferences called for the purpose of concerting measures which while inflicting the least possible injury on commerce might be expected to protect Europe from an invasion of the malady. That Dr. Simpson is peculiarly qualified to discuss the subject fruitfully may be inferred from the fact that he was formerly Health Officer at Calcutta, subsequently medical adviser to the Government of Cape Colony

during the outbreak of plague in 1901, and still more recently was appointed commissioner for the Colonial Office to inquire into the causes of the continuance of plague in Hongkong.

An interesting account of the historical evolution and present condition of the Rumanian people will be found in the volume entitled "From Carpathian to Pindus," by Tereza Stratilescu (Boston, John W. Luce & Co.). This book, the author tells us, is the outcome of an attempt to answer the innumerable questions about the Rumanians with which she was pried when a sojourner in England. Her aim is to depict what the Rumanian nation is, or at least the genuine and most distinctive part of it—the peasantry. With the exception, therefore, of a historical introduction, the whole of the work is devoted to a description of the peasant in his political, social, economic and religious relations. The Rumanian peasant, it is important to recall, now speaks and has always spoken the Wallachian language, a daughter of the Latin, which was introduced in Dacia, the Roman province which includes the countries now known as Wallachia and Transylvania, more than eighteen hundred years ago.

Fitz-Gerald thought little of his "Omar Khayyam" as a poetic success, and the publishers and booksellers, and the book-buyers, too, did not for a long time give him much reason to change his opinion. He might think better of it in one way if he were alive today, and even so he might be disappointed. He might regret that so many persons, among them Americans, loved deeply, sometimes in a maudlin way, the philosophy of the Anglicized Persian poet, persons who cannot understand, or at least enjoy, William James's Pragmatism. We all know, at least, that Fitz-Gerald's poem is now a "seller." So widely known is the poet at present that the other day, when a niece by marriage at Boulge, in Suffolk, there were "reporters present" to mention the fact that across this new-made grave fell the shadow of the rose-tree planted over the neighboring grave of Edward Fitz-Gerald. It was planted by the Omar Khayyam Club in 1893, and it bears this inscription: "This rose-tree, raised at Kew Gardens from seed brought by William Simpson, artist and traveller, from the grave of Omar Khayyam at Nishapur, was planted by a few admirers of Edward Fitz-Gerald, in the name of the Omar Khayyam Club, October 7, 1893."

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

Los Angeles Railway Company

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NOTICE TO PASSENGERS

How Passengers Can Avoid Accidents:

There is only one safe way to get off a car—grasp the handle with the left hand and face the front end of car, then if car should happen to start you would not be thrown. Do not attempt to get on or off while it is in motion. After alighting, never pass around the front end of car. In passing the rear end, always be on the lookout for cars passing in opposite direction on the other track. Have no conversation with motorman. Any information desired, communicate with conductor.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles, Cal., January —, 1908.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Jennie A. Bristol, of Sherman, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement, No.—, for the purchase of the E½ of SE¼ and SW¼ of SE¼ of Section No 26, in Township No. 1S, Range No. 19W, S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, California, on Wednesday, the 11th day of March, 1908.

She names as witnesses: Marion Decker, Charles M. Decker, Freeman M. Kincaid, all of Los Angeles, Cal., and Albert M. Montgomery, of Santa Monica, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 11th day of March, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Jan'y 11, 9t.—Date of first publication, Jan. 11-08.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,

Los Angeles Cal., December 30, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, Emil Bartholomans, of Fernando, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No.—, for the purchase of the Lot Two (2), of Section No. 6, in Township No. 2N, Range No. 14W, S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on Tuesday, the 3rd day of March, 1908.

He names as witnesses: Maurice L. Weile, John J. Goldsworthy, of Los Angeles; Bablo Lopez and Stephen Lopez, of Fernando, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 3rd day of March, 1908.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Jan.4-9t. Date of first publication Jan.4-'08.

CALIFORNIA MILITARY ACADEMY

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Sept. 25, 1907. Catalog on application.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION. DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,

December 13, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that Clyde W. Dayton of Chatsworth, Cal., has filed notice of his intention to make final five year proof in support of his claim, viz: Homestead Entry No. 9610, made July 2, 1901, Add'l Hd. No. 11518, Nov. 27, 1907, for the NW¼ of NW¼, and NE¼ of NW¼ (Lot 1), Section 34, Township 2 N., Range 17 W., S.B.M., and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on February 4, 1908.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, the land, viz:

Elijah W. Woolsey, of Watts, Cal.; A. H. Nash, of Rivera, Cal.; Clara D. Blinn, of Los Angeles, Cal.; Filetta A. Dayton, of Los Angeles, Cal.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.

Dec.28-5t. Date of first publication Dec.28-07.



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